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Vol. CCX, No. 2739

THE SPHERE, AUGUST 9, 1952
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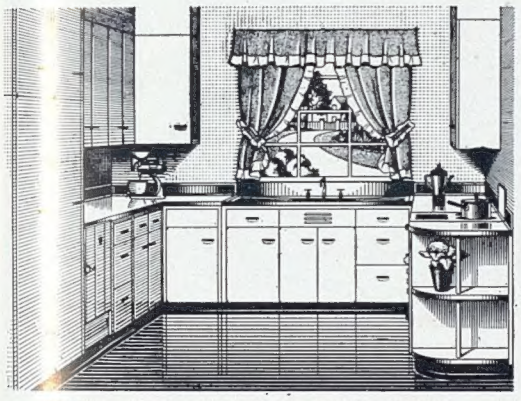

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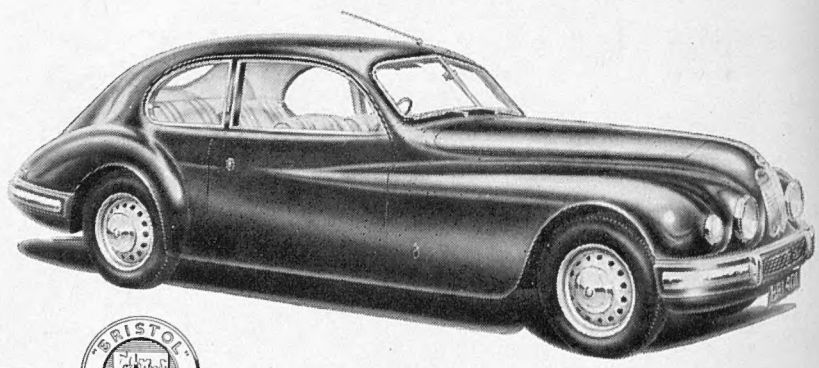

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Volume CCX No. 2739

The SPHERE, London, August 9, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN FIVE HOPS—THE TWO SIKORSKY HELICOPTERS CROSSING THE SCOTTISH COASTLINE TOWARDS THE END OF THEIR VOYAGE, WHICH STARTED AT WESTOVER, MASSACHUSETTS: These are the first transatlantic crossings ever made by rotary-wing aircraft. The route lay via Presque Island, Maine; Goose Bay, Labrador; Nansanssuok, Greenland; and Keflavik, Iceland. The journey started on July 15, and long delays were caused by bad weather.

During their dramatic crossings of the Atlantic the two Sikorsky helicopters had at one time to descend to 50 ft. because of bad weather, and were then compelled to dodge round the summits of icebergs. On one section of the flight from Goose Bay, Labrador, to Greenland, head-winds were so fierce that the speed of the helicopters was reduced to 25 m.p.h. Despite all these trying conditions, the helicopters stood up well to the strain of the journey, which covered in all 3,410 statute miles, and the last leg, from Keflavik to Prestwick, was accomplished in just over ten hours, the distance being 947 miles. After a rest at Prestwick the helicopters were flown on to Wiesbaden, Germany, for delivery to the United States Air Force. (Further pictures of the arrival in Scotland will be found on page 187 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE CHIMPS' REGENT'S PARK PARTY

THE CHIMPANZEE SO-SO WATCHES CLOSELY AS SUSAN, WITH THE HEAD-KEEPER'S AID, CUTS THE CAKE MADE TO COMMEMORATE THE 4TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHIMPANZEES' TEA-PARTY: To mark this special occasion, the chimps at London Zoo not only had the wonderful cake which is seen in this picture, but many other tit-bits beside.

ANNA NEAGLE'S CORONATION PIECE

THE SCENE IS SET ON THE STEPS OF DRURY LANE AND THE YEAR IS 1666: Anna Neagle as Nell Gwynn in one of the historical episodes in *The Glorious Days*, a cavalcade show designed specially for London's entertainment in Coronation Year, and which had its première last week at the Palace Theatre, Manchester. Miss Neagle, who as a Cochran Young Lady was in the front row of the chorus at the Palace Theatre twenty-three years ago, now carries off a most exacting series of parts in which she also plays Queen Victoria. This musical tapestry of England, devised and produced by Robert Nesbitt, presents her through various phases and fashions as an ambulance driver of the last war whose imagination, shaken by bomb blast, conjures up a kaleidoscope of past events. The scene takes us, through her mind's eye, to Drury Lane in the spacious, carefree days of King Charles II and Nell Gwynn, to Windsor Castle in Queen Victoria's time, and into the '30's as she re-lives her own mother's girlhood.

NOTORIOUS NELL AT HER CAPTIVATING BEST: King Charles II (James Carney) and Nell Gwynn (Anna Neagle) together in *The Glorious Days* at the Palace Theatre, Manchester.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Silly Season.—For many years past I have observed that my mail (I won't call it fan mail) grows heavier at the end of July and throughout August. "Constant readers" seize their pens and write to me (or the Editor) about this and that. If in the Silly Season the thermometer touches 80, they are inclined to be warm in their criticism; if the weather is cool, they are more kindly and less trenchant. This summer has been pleasantly hot and I have received some perhaps well-deserved trouncings. A northern septuagenarian deplores the fact that my writings are lacking alike in humour and style. From several quarters I learn that I am not yet forgiven for using the atrocious jargon of the phrase "By and large." An undergraduate tells me I am "provocative (whether I know it or not)." I do know it. I try hard to be so, for, lacking humour, it is the best hope I have of being read. Then the Silly Season is the shooting season for the snipers who point out misquotations, printer's errors and other mistakes which range from "sheer ignorance" to "gross carelessness." Among these snipers are found that large body of clubmen who could do my job so much better themselves, if only someone would print their stuff. It is their available means of self-expression. I always answer their letters with humility, unless they write rudely, brutally or (of course) anonymously. As for misquotations, I sometimes invite them to try a test: can they quote two consecutive stanzas of Gray's *Elegy* without the mistake of a single letter? Also, I argue that some quotations have become so much commonplaces in our language that one is justified in altering them to fit one's own syntax. But I welcome my critics as well as my fans. It is better to be trounced than neglected, and their letters are a very accurate thermometer reading of the years.

The Things that Matter.—An inconspicuous paragraph caught my eye one day in my daily paper. It revealed that in their war or military budgets the Iron Curtain countries had increased and were increasing their already enormous allocations; in some cases these budgets had doubled in the last three years. Another and larger notice concerned the apparently final breakdown of the Korean Armistice negotiations. But my eye was caught by news nearer home of more urgent interest requiring more attractive display. A serious "headache" lies ahead of the Coronation Court of Claims now in session. It will have to decide who among several claimants will be charged with the duty of presenting the Queen with the second Golden Spur. The importance of its decision on this problem was sufficiently stressed to convince me of the rightness of a "leader" which urged the Minister of War to admit defeat in his futile attempt to build up a Home Guard "which nobody wants and which is costing money better employed on social welfare." I was, however, teased by vague recollections of history repeating itself. Early in 1911 and 1937 (Coronation years), aggressive foreign nations were stepping up their war budgets alarmingly and old generals and other old buffers were urging us to put ourselves in a posture of defence. They spoke to deaf ears. We were all too deeply concerned with matters nearer home, gilt spurs and Coronation seats and medals. The aggressors went *their* way, we went ours, and what happened in 1914 and 1939 is, I suppose, to be found in history books which nobody reads.

A Parable.—Now these things are a parable and like most parables are set forth in a far from impartial way. Nothing, indeed, could be more biased than my treatment. But there it is! We are living on the edge of a double volcano, political and economic. World war might develop suddenly this autumn. Our economic plight is as serious as ever it was, and nothing can permanently re-establish this nation on a firm financial basis, but such preparations for defence as will deter aggressors and a complete reorganisation of our internal economy and a change of heart in the nation which will liquidate our present monkeying on a sagging bough, our hand-to-mouth existence in holiday mood, while the bottom falls out of the markets for our goods and services. In such a crisis (with pointers and parallels from history books) it is distressing to think that so many responsible, and millions of less responsible, people are preparing to expend for half a year so much energy and enthusiasm on the question of . . . a gilt spur. Why must it be that so large a part of the Press references to the Coronation suggests box-office for a historical film première before a hand-picked audience? We should worry certainly about a spur, a national spur to harder work, more serious purpose, less selfish and narrow aims. 1953 should be the year of the Coronation in a religious rite of Elizabeth II, and the Coronation, or at least the birth, of national reason in fanatical purpose. Which does not imply that we must never smile, never relax, never enjoy recreations. On the contrary . . . We must preserve our sense of humour (if we have one). We should marry it to a sense of proportion.

King of the Lido.—Farouk has gone. At the pistol point *evasit, erupit* in the Royal yacht with the contents of the jewel safe and a little money safely tucked away in overseas banks; gone to join other Kings of the Lidos with good prospects with his wealth of supremacy among them. For my part, I couldn't care less. But I dare say he was as much sinned against as sinning. He was ill-prepared for the job. He assumed the crown too young. He was not proof against flattery, not fit for power. He was fat, luxurious and not well disciplined against the lusts of the flesh. He was much too rich and very vain and he became intoxicated

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER IN JERSEY: The headmaster of Victoria College, Jersey, Mr. R. Posthill, is seen welcoming their Royal Highnesses when they visited the College during their three-day stay in Jersey recently. The occasion was the centenary celebrations of Victoria College, and the Duke of Gloucester presented Queen's exhibition medals and prizes won during the centenary year. He also unveiled a plaque bearing the names of Old Victorians who fell in the last war. Earlier, the Duke of Gloucester had inspected contingents of ex-Service and youth organisations and entered the States Chamber, where a loyal address was read by the Bailiff of Jersey, Sir Alexander Coutanche. Their Royal Highnesses made brief calls at Guernsey and Alderney, before leaving for England by air.

with a power he assumed as a right and not a responsibility. He revealed all the parvenu's vulgarity in display. But his ways are not our ways, and I dare say that our own Press, when it began to dislike him, treated him too roughly. In our eyes he looked a nasty piece of goods, and we made no doubt he was one. But he is not the first ungummed king to be the victim of his own Court, his shell-back counsellors and favourites. Alphonso XIII was very much a man and a brother to English sportsmen, but he was broken by the intransigence of his own Court. I stand by most of the generalities I made in an earlier paragraph. I fancy that if he had cared less for his own throne and power and more for his people, his untimely end had been less contemptible and less certain.

Sussex Fortnight.—During the Sussex fortnight at the end of July, and the beginning of August, we rustics gape at our cottage doors to see the great folk stream by in Rolls Royces and taxis, using our lanes and by-roads as if they were speed tracks. Just so our ancestors watched the stream of bucks and dandies and fine ladies passing in curricles

and coaches. There is less dust to-day but more noise, and the tricksters and the slim-fingered are more in evidence than the "nobility and gentry." In fact, between Brighton and Bognor the lost tribes, who trouble Mr. Bloodsucker very little and keep their winnings from the Silver Ring out of sight, who live an underground existence among dog tracks and race-courses and "dives," pretty well occupy innocent West Sussex and dominate the scene. We see some of them again in the dock when our rural Benches are allowed to resume normal business, for some of them are not as clever as they look. We are not allowed to function during the Sussex fortnight; the police are far too busy doing duty at pleasure resorts. They are all occupied on race-courses, speed tracks, polo matches and what not. Meanwhile the visiting burglar has a field day, the coach and lorry drivers glory in speeds of 50 m.p.h., the petty thief pilfers the empty houses, and the Chief Constable sees to it that we may not even defend ourselves with a token revolver minus ammunition.

"Sic Vos, Non Vobis."—No doubt, the promoters of these races and sports pay a part of the police costs, but the Sussex ratepayers pay a handsome proportion ostensibly as a precaution against death on the road, burglary, larceny, assault and battery. During the Sussex fortnight, some of these ratepayers feel that their money is not well spent, especially those distressed gentlefolk who can't afford the gate-money for these shows because they do not understand the technique of dishing the Exchequer. As ratepayers, again, we spend another handsome sum in preparing and repairing our roads (such as they are) before and after the "toughs" have had their fun and their will of them. On the other hand, we see a lot of life. We learn how far from homogeneous to-day is our nation, how many sorts it takes to make our world. We get the equivalent of a free trip to the Levant, and when the fun is over and some of the litter cleared up, we resume our simple life broader in mind, if lighter in pocket, increased in worldly wisdom if reduced in population. And every year we are left to puzzle over how it is that such a large number of people from local tradesmen to London realtors can squander the bank-notes needed for buying the chief seats at these sporting feasts.

The Mad-hatter.—From Buxton, where hatters have been in conference, the news seeped down that hatters are mad with our young men who refuse to wear hats. A proposal for a campaign in September to make them hat-conscious was accepted without enthusiasm. Some hatters argued that 60 per cent. of young women prefer men in hats. But others they said Nay; young men don't believe that and simply will not respond to propaganda seeking to foist on them a special Coronation hat, not even a hat shaped in the form of a crown. In my own family there is argument about it. My wife says that my young son ought to wear a hat in London at least, while I back up his refusal to wear one on any occasion, partly because I don't want him to borrow my hats, as he does my white waistcoats, partly because this unique instance in him of the frugal mind ought, I think, to be encouraged. I can only think of one advantage in the wearing of a hat by young men with a thick natural thatch. It enables them to pay a trifling courtesy to a woman by removing it. It can be argued that by never putting it on, he is perpetually showing respect to women. My advice to mad-hatters therefore is to base their Coronation year appeal on the first of these arguments, the supreme need for an instrument of courtesy during chance encounters with ladies.

Olympic Memories.—The great Olympiad at Helsinki is a memory. Some say the result was sheer humiliation for Britain. Others deny it with an oath and cite the number of British girls and men who smashed previous world records on the track, in the air and in the water. This cheerful school, to which I belong, makes one admission. It is not enough to break world records. Our youth must learn how to beat world-record-breakers. Some say we must take to the metric system, others that we must train for 1956 for eight hours a day all the year round. Some of our cheerful school wonder whether the human race, which has shown such astonishing improvement in athletic prowess over its ancestors, has done it at a corresponding sacrifice of brain power, whether it can be true that the faster we run and the farther we throw, the sillier we become. There is some colour for this although our athletic prowess is not to be seen in all fields. I think, for example, our ancestors still hold records in long jumping. In other respects this Olympiad maintained Olympic traditions without spectacular advances. Indeed there was less quarrelling, less international strife engendered, and only one umpire was thrown to the ground and kicked in the stomach. In this event Britain did not compete, did not win even a bronze medal. I think we deserve a gold medal for our restraint.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

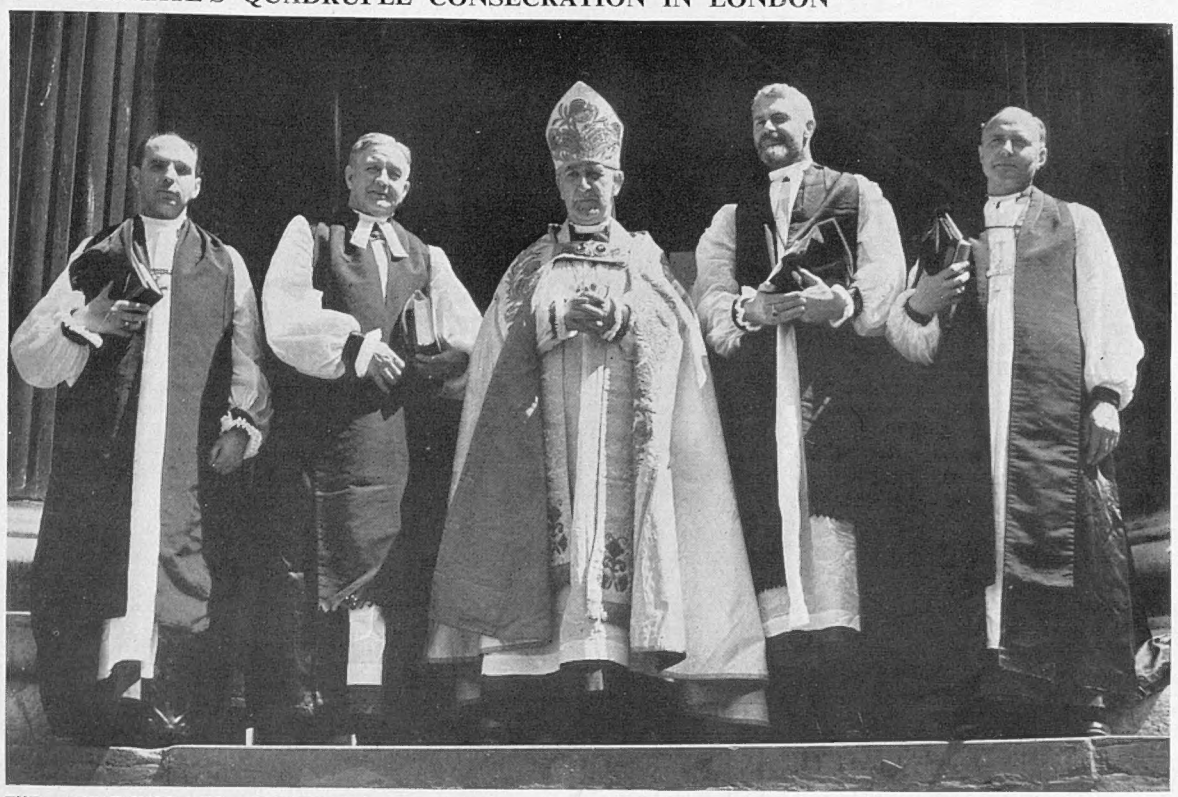
THE FLOWER INDUSTRY

By E. R. JANES

(Author of *The Flower Garden*)

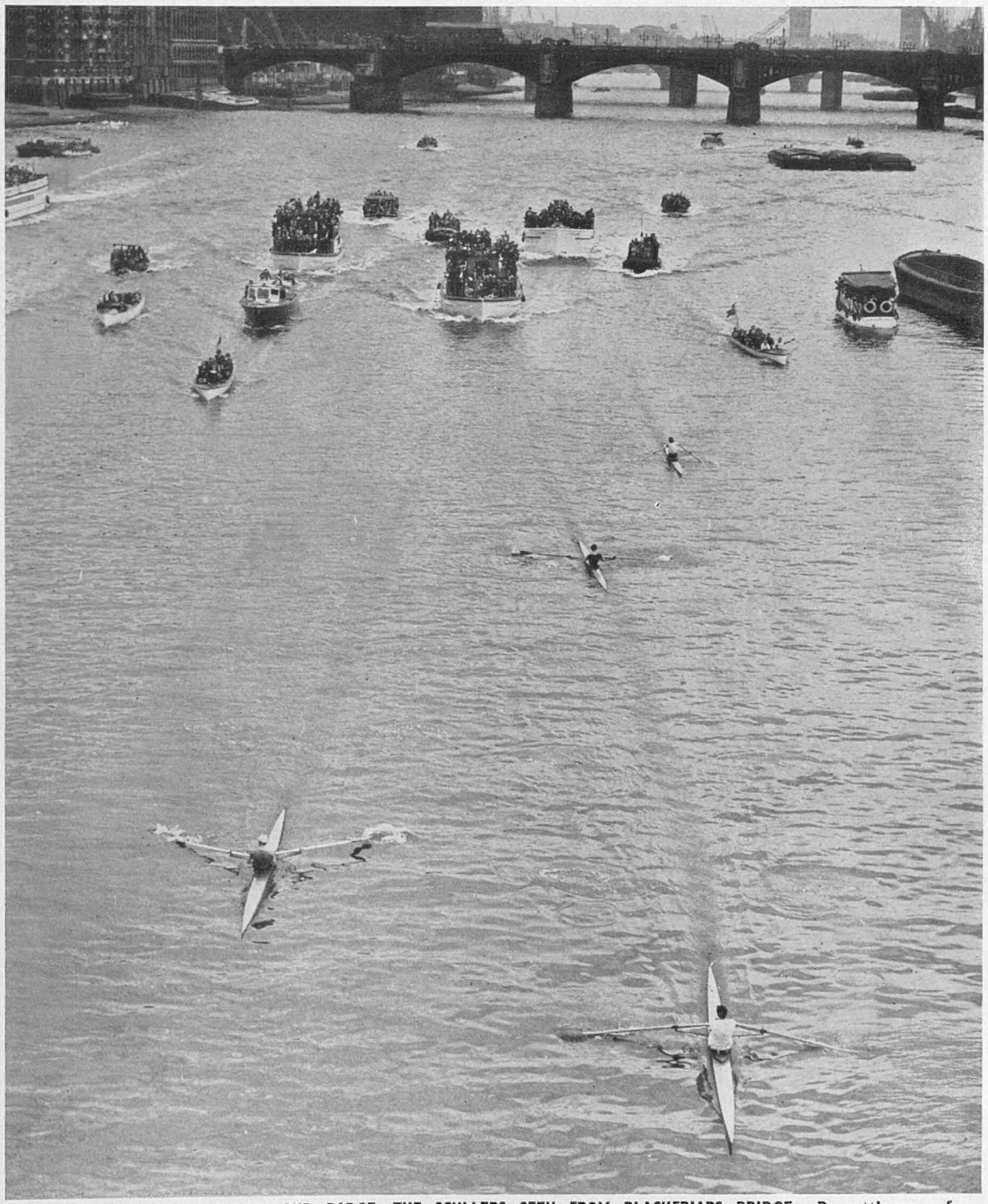
With drawings by LUCIEN LOWEN

THE PRIMATE'S QUADRUPLE CONSECRATION IN LONDON



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, DR. FISHER, WITH THE FOUR NEW BISHOPS CONSECRATED BY HIM AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL RECENTLY: The preacher at the Consecration Service was Canon J. A. H. Waddington. The names of the new Bishops are: the Venerable Francis Featherstonehaugh Johnston, who is now Bishop of Egypt; Canon Kenneth Riches, who becomes Bishop Suffragan of Dorchester; the Reverend Humphrey Beevor, the new Bishop of Lebombo; and the Reverend Joost de Blank, who becomes new Bishop Suffragan of Stepney. Dr. Fisher is in the centre. The Venerable F. F. Johnston was formerly Archdeacon in Egypt.

A BATTLE FOR SUPREMACY ON LONDON'S TIDEWAY

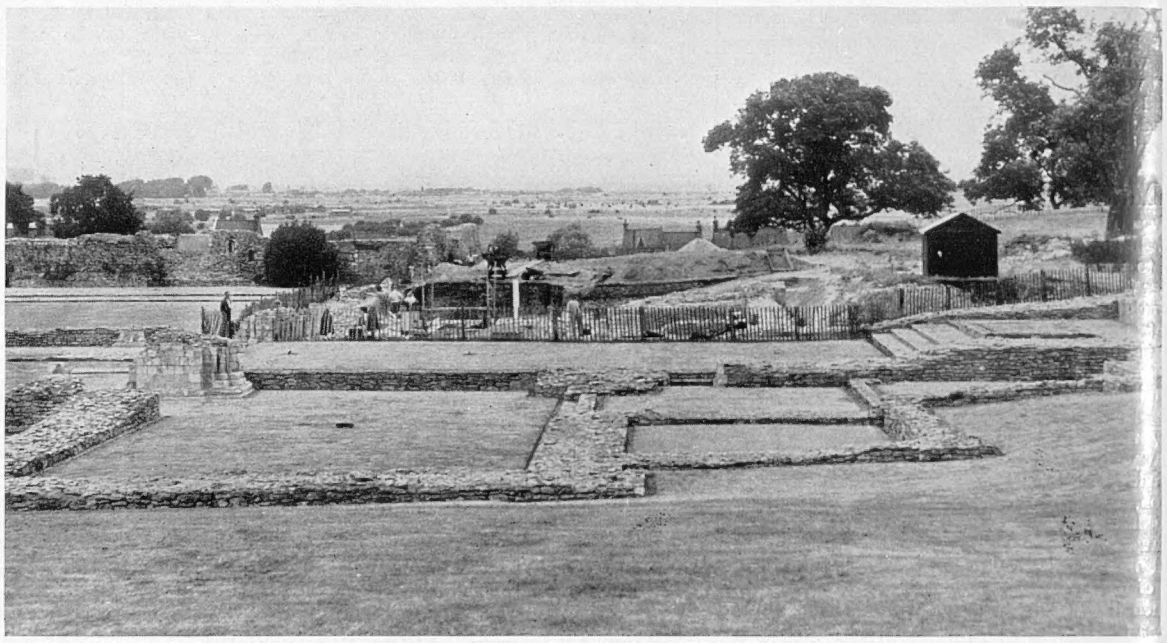


THE RACE FOR DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE—THE SCULLERS SEEN FROM BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE: Doggett's race—from London Bridge to Chelsea Bridge—was instituted in 1715, for the Thames watermen, and took place last week for the 238th time. There was a fresh headwind which made the water rough for the greater part of the race. There were four contestants this year, and the race was won by George Green, of Putney, with D. Powell, of Greenwich, in second place.

FOUNDATIONS OF LESNES ABBEY, NEAR ERITH, KENT, WHERE THE HISTORICAL RECORDS SECTION OF LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL IS NOW CARRYING OUT IMPORTANT EXCAVATIONS : The Abbey stands on low-lying land near the broadening Thames. It was founded for Augustinian canons in 1178 by Richard de Luci, justicier of England, as amends for his share in the guilt of à Becket's murder. It was secularised by Wolsey just before his fall, and sold by Henry VIII to a lay owner, who demolished the buildings. These lay derelict until the Woolwich Antiquarian Society recovered the ground plan forty years ago—to be covered up again until, in 1930, the site was acquired with Abbey Wood by the L.C.C. Permanent preservation was begun, but was interrupted by the Second World War. The work now going forward is directed to the complete recovery of the plan of the church and conventual buildings. Enough has already been done to show the nave, presbytery, aisles, transepts and massive central tower of a noble church, as well as many of the conventual buildings, including the frater and a staircase to a stone pulpit similar to that at Beaulieu Abbey, Hampshire. The most interesting remains just brought to light are three vaulted chapels, each with its altar, on the east side of the north transept. In each case the bases and part of the columns supporting the vault are in position; they are characteristic and beautiful work of the late twelfth century. The entrance to the chapter house has also been uncovered, as well as steps to the dormitory.

EXCAVATING LESNES ABBEY

The London County Council Carries Out Some Valuable Research



THE ENCLOSURE WITHIN WHICH EXCAVATION IS NOW PROCEEDING AT LESNES ABBEY, AND IN THE FOREGROUND SOME OF THE PREVIOUSLY REVEALED FOUNDATIONS : Just to the south of the site lie the Woolwich and Plumstead marshes, which the convent ruined itself in helping to drain. Some of the isolation of the twelfth century still adheres to this place.

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE LESNES SITE : *Left*—Excavating the main wall between the cloisters and the chapter house. *Right*—The remains of three chapels in the north transept of the Abbey. Much else may be discovered, and an appeal for voluntary workers during the holidays is made by the London County Council. The work is under the honorary direction of Mr. F. C. Elliston Erwood, an active member of Woolwich Antiquarian Society when the first excavation was made.

"HOPALONG" COMES TO REST AFTER HER ATLANTIC ADVENTURES: One of the two Sikorsky helicopters of the United States Air Force seen at Prestwick Aerodrome, Scotland, at the end of the adventurous trip of 3,400 miles from Westover, Massachusetts. *Hopalong* has already come to rest, and *Whirlaway*, not seen in the picture, was just about to touch down. *Inset on left*—Major-General Francis Griswold, Commanding General of the Third United States Air Force, greeting the four helicopter pilots who had crossed the Atlantic. They are Captain Vincent H. McGovern, a bomber pilot of the Second World War, who has been flying helicopters on rescue missions in Korea, Captain Harry C. Jeffers, 1st Lieutenant Harold Moore, who has flown 112 helicopter missions in Korea, and Captain George D. Hambrick, a last-war veteran, who came as a co-pilot.

THE ATLANTIC HELICOPTERS AT PRESTWICK

The First Crossing of the Atlantic by Rotary-wing Aircraft

PONIES of the NEW FOREST

The First of the Season's Sales at Beaulieu Road

STURDY PONIES AWAITING SALE IN THEIR PENS AT BEAULIEU ROAD, NEW FOREST: Held under the auspices of the New Forest Pony Breeding and Cattle Society, this was the first sale of the season. New Forest ponies, a familiar sight to motorists, are a peculiar local breed, generally considered to be descended from the wild horse, either indigenous to Britain or brought here by the Romans.

PONY HANDLERS AT WORK AT THE NEW FOREST SALE: *On left*—Three of the handlers struggling to cope with one of the more unco-operative ponies. *On right*—Sticking numbers on the ponies before the start of the sale. New Forest ponies are of interest to naturalists as an example of successful adaptation to environment. The ponies know, as few horses do, how to distinguish firm ground from treacherous bog and are immune to the maddening sting of the Forest fly.

A SIGNIFICANT POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT—THE WAFD LEADERS MEET THE DICTATOR GENERAL : The former Egyptian Premier Nahas Pasha (wearing fez, second from left) and Fuad Serag El Din Pasha (left), the Secretary-General of the Wafd, seen with General Neguib (left, centre) at the Egyptian Army headquarters in Cairo, where they conferred following the Wafd leader's return from Europe. The Wafdists greeted the conquering General with an effusive show of cordiality. Nahas Pasha embraced and kissed the Commander-in-Chief, hailing him as "the saviour of our nation."

EGYPT

IN THE THROES OF A MOMENTOUS CHANGE

The New Government Takes Over ; the Ex-King Reaches Italy

With ex-King Farouk's departure from Egypt events moved swiftly. Egypt's new rulers prepared at once to meet the formidable political and economic problems lying in the wake of the abdication, and Aly Maher Pasha, the Prime Minister, took the unusual step of bringing the Government back to Cairo from the summer capital at Alexandria.

A new and sinister development, it would seem, lay in the revival of activity by the powerful Wafd Party, and the arrival in Egypt of Nahas Pasha, the Wafd leader, after a hurried journey by air from Geneva, indicated a possible strong link between the Wafd and Egypt's dictator, General Neguib. Parallel with the political activity in Egypt, investigations have been proceeding with regard to the alleged malpractices of the Egyptian Court, and most of ex-King Farouk's personal advisers, who are under house arrest, have been submitted to intensive interrogation. Among these members of the Palace clique who have been called upon to give an account of themselves is Italian-born Antonio Pulli, who is said to have a knowledge second to none regarding the dealings of the ex-King. The ex-King has intimated that he wishes to be called His Royal Highness Prince Farouk Fuad of Egypt.

A JOURNEY OF DISCOVERY : Mr. Michael Creswell, the British Chargé d'Affaires in Alexandria, accompanied by an Egyptian Army officer, as he drove to meet the Premier, Aly Maher Pasha, to obtain the true facts of the situation following the abdication of King Farouk.

On right—

A HENCHMAN OF THE KING : Antonio Pulli, Italian private secretary to Farouk, arriving at the Army headquarters, Cairo, under escort, where he was closely interrogated before being sent to gaol.

HELPING TO UNRAVEL THE TANGLED SKEIN OF EGYPTIAN AFFAIRS : Major-General Ibrahim Imam Bey (bareheaded, in jeep), who was arrested on July 25, seen arriving at the Ministry of the Interior in Cairo with an escort of officers. Imam Bey, who was head of the Police Intelligence Corps, accompanied the officers when they searched his office at the Ministry for documents. Several papers were removed. At the time of his arrest, Imam told his captors he was prepared to submit "very important documents which will help uncover mysteries surrounding incidents of violence committed in Cairo's 'Black Saturday' fire riots on January 26."

THE EX-KING AND HIS ENTOURAGE ARRIVE IN ITALIAN WATERS : *Left*—The Royal yacht *Mahroussa* in Naples alongside the U.S.S. *Adirondack*, flagship of Admiral Robert Carney. After disembarking from the yacht and bidding farewell to the crew, ex-King Farouk sailed for the island of Capri. He is seen (*on right*) assisting his wife from the car on arrival at Anacapri. The King at first hoped to stay in Naples, but there was no adequate accommodation, and on Capri he was similarly thwarted at the best hotel. Finally he obtained a suite of 20 rooms at the Eden Paradiso at Anacapri, an entire floor being reserved. Shortly after the ex-King's arrival at Capri the *Mahroussa* came into the harbour and unloaded forty cases labelled champagne, whisky and gin. These were put aboard the King's personal yacht.

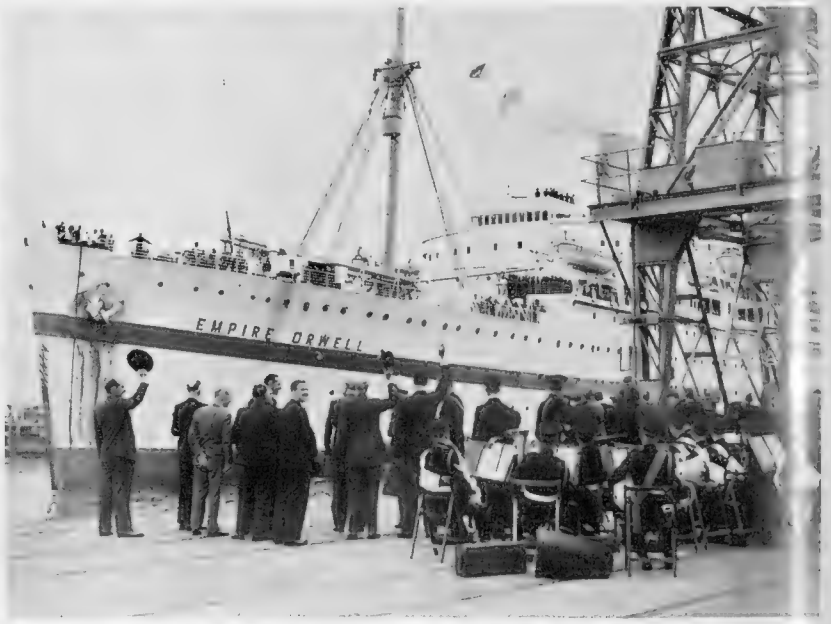
GRADUATION DAY AT CRANWELL

TROOPSHIPS AT SOUTHAMPTON

THREE CADETS WHO WERE HONOURED AT THE GRADUATION PARADE AT THE R.A.F. COLLEGE, CRANWELL, LINCOLNSHIRE : They are, left to right, Flight Cadet Under Officer D. G. Slade (winner of the Queen's Medal), Flight Cadet Under Officer R. A. Streatfeild (winner of the Sword of Honour), and Flight Cadet Under Officer J. M. Boden (winner of the Medal of Honour), chatting after they received their awards from Lord Alexander, the Minister of Defence, who was the reviewing officer at the parade.

THE GRADUATION-DAY PARADE AT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE AT CRANWELL : Addressing the cadets, Lord Alexander, Minister of Defence, said that the future held great opportunities for them. If they passed on the benefit of their training at Cranwell, the glorious tradition of the R.A.F. would not only be maintained but enhanced. The parade marked the successful conclusion of the training of forty-three Flight Cadets—thirty-four from the fifty-sixth entry of general duties cadets, and nine from the seventh entry of equipment and secretarial wing cadets.

THE MINISTER OF DEFENCE, LORD ALEXANDER, INSPECTING R.A.F. CADETS AT THE CRANWELL GRADUATION PARADE : After the inspection the cadets marched past in slow and quick time, with Flight Cadet Sergeant A. G. N. Hampton bearing the Queen's Colour.



THE "EMPIRE ORWELL," BRINGING HOME FROM KOREA THE 1ST BATTALION THE ROYAL LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT, DOCKING AT SOUTHAMPTON : On the quay, in the centre of this picture, are the Lord Mayor of Leicester, Alderman G. Barnett, and the Lady Mayoress, who welcomed the men home.

MEN OF THE 1ST BATTALION, THE DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY, EMBARK ON THE "EMPIRE TROOPER" AT SOUTHAMPTON ON THEIR WAY TO KOREA : *On left*—A group of the young soldiers on a companionway of the *Empire Trooper* wave their berets in farewell as the ship prepares to sail. *On right*—With the soldiers crowding her rail, the troopship moves away from the quay. At another part of the docks men of the Royal Leicestershire Regiment were welcomed home from Korea.

A VIEW LOOKING DOWN ON THE ROYAL SCOTS MONUMENT IN PRINCES STREET GARDENS, EDINBURGH, WHICH WAS UNVEILED BY THE PRINCESS ROYAL: After the Princess, as Colonel-in-Chief, had performed the ceremony, she gave the monument into the keeping of Edinburgh Corporation, "to guard and maintain in perpetuity." Over 4,000 past and present soldiers of the First of Foot marched past while the Princess took the salute. "In its history of well over three centuries," said the Princess in her address, "the loyalty and devotion to duty of my Regiment have been abundantly tested, and it is fitting that its deeds should be recorded in the heart of our Capital City, which has sent forth thousands of its sons to serve in the First of Foot."

A MONUMENT TO THE ROYAL SCOTS

The Princess Royal Performs the Unveiling Ceremony

THE PRINCESS ROYAL INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY: Her Royal Highness is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots.

PART OF THE ROYAL SCOTS MONUMENT, SEEN FROM THE ENTRANCE: The section on the right has a wooden panel bearing the regimental badge of the Royal Scots. The monument was designed by Sir Frank Mears and the work was carried out by a team of eminent Scottish sculptors, artists, masons and craftsmen.

THE SECTION OF THE MONUMENT DEALING WITH THE RECENT HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SCOTS: On the grill are plaques bearing the heads of Edward VIII and George VI and at intervals elsewhere along the curved stone walk are similar representations of the other monarchs under whom the Royal Scots have served.

THE LAST DAYS OF EVA PERON : A great crowd gathered in one of the squares of Buenos Aires to pray for the wife of the President of the Argentine, who lay in a coma and about to die. Her passing produced a wave of feeling throughout Argentina, and tens of thousands of people flocked into the capital to pay their last tributes to her.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

Chaos reigned in Buenos Aires following the death of Eva Peron, and although on July 30 shops again opened for business in the grief-stricken city, half the people were still away from business, queueing to file past the dead woman's bier. Casualties among the mourners amounted to the fantastic figure of 1,356 in one twenty-four-hour period alone, and a week after Senora Peron's death more than 5,000 people had been injured in the crush at the lying-in-state. Eleven had died. All over Buenos Aires altars were springing up. The all-powerful General Confederation of Labour (C.G.T.) decided that work should stop for a fifteen-minute silence every day for thirty days. All amusements have been closed until further notice, and until August 4 it was decreed that radio stations should broadcast religious music only. In the first days, steel-helmeted troops stood by throughout Buenos Aires, and many units set up field-kitchens to feed the mourners.

AFTERMATH OF THE CALIFORNIAN EARTHQUAKE, THE SECOND LARGEST IN THE STATE IN THE PRESENT CENTURY : Fire is seen raging in the Butane refinery at Buena Vista after the earthquake, centred on the Mojave Desert, had rocked a West Coast area of more than 100,000 square miles, frightening millions of people and causing eleven deaths. The little town of Tehachapi was the hardest hit, and there the business district had all the aspect of a bomb-devastated wartime town. Some fifteen major buildings in the main street stood roofless after the 'quake, and the 2,000 inhabitants of Tehachapi were for the most part thrown out of bed. The United States Army, the Air Force and the Navy sent teams of workers into the town, and there joined with the men of the Kent County Sheriff's office in preventing looting. The 'quake was felt both in Hollywood, where water was splashed from the swimming-pools of some of the stars, and in Los Angeles, where twenty-seven big shop windows of a store were smashed. Dr. Benioff, Professor of Seismology at California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, said that the earthquake had been exceeded in California only by the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, which, with its accompanying fire, caused 700 deaths and a loss of property exceeding 400,000,000 dollars.

HONEYMOONING IN ITALY : The Hon. Gerald Lascelles, twenty-seven-year-old cousin of the Queen and the younger son of the Princess Royal, seen with his bride, the former Angela Dowding, daughter of Lady Fox, at their honeymoon hotel at Rapallo. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in mid-July.

GENERAL RIDGWAY IN GREECE : George Mavros (centre), the Greek Under-Secretary for Defence, and Sophocles Venizelos, the Greek Premier, talking with the Supreme Commander in Europe, at a dinner given by the Greek Government at an Athens hotel. During his stay in Greece, General Ridgway went north to the city of Salonika, there to plan its defences against any possible Communist invasion. General Ridgway received a great welcome from the citizens of Salonika, who for the most part remembered well the fighting in Northern Greece during the guerrilla warfare of a few years ago, when the Communists were truly routed.

THE BIRTH OF A COMMONWEALTH: Governor Munoz-Marin and his wife receiving the congratulations of a friend as they sat in the grand-stand during the big parade at San Juan, Puerto Rico. The parade marked the new role of Puerto Rico as a self-governing "Free Commonwealth" associated with the United States. The 100-mile-long island, with its 2,250,000 inhabitants, now takes another step towards self-determination, fifty-four years after the first American flag was raised on its soil during the Spanish-American War. Now, Puerto Ricans see their own flag raised side-by-side with that of the United States. The Puerto Rican Constitution—accepted in a referendum of the people, approved by the United States Congress and signed by Mr. Truman—places the island's internal affairs completely in the hands of its elected lawmakers. It abolishes the power of the U.S. Congress to repeal insular laws.

THE FLAG-RAISING CEREMONY AT EL MORRO, PUERTO RICO, WHICH TOOK PLACE ON COMMONWEALTH DAY AFTER THE FLAG-RAISING AT THE FORTALEZA PALACE, THE GOVERNOR OF PUERTO RICO'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE: The four-century-old fortress of El Morro lies within Fort Brooke, headquarters of the United States Army forces in the Antilles. During the flag-raising, in honour of the new Puerto Rican Constitution, General Bathurst ordered a seventeen-gun salute to the Commonwealth.

AN HONOUR FOR CARMEN FRANCO POLO, DAUGHTER OF THE CAUDILLO AND WIFE OF THE MARQUESS OF VILLAVERDE: Señor Blas Perez, Spain's Minister of the Interior, decorating Carmen Franco with the Grand Cross of Health Merit, a recognition of her participation in the last collection for the anti-tuberculosis fund in Madrid. Carmen Franco Polo collected over 1,500,000 pesetas.

EX-KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS ON A SUMMER HOLIDAY TOUR: The ex-King and his wife, the Princess de Réthy, seen at Rhein-Main Airport, Frankfurt, when en route from Brussels to spend a holiday in Bavaria.

EISENHOWER PAINTS WHILE HIS RIVALS PLAN: The Republican nominee for the Presidency in his log cabin at Fraser, Colorado, where he spent some days relaxing; not even turning on the wireless, he said, to hear the news from Chicago, where the Democrats were choosing their nominee for the Presidency. Painting, fishing and cooking were General Eisenhower's main hobbies during this brief holiday. At the end of his stay he received Mr. Nixon, his running mate in the coming campaign, and while Mr. Nixon peeled the potatoes on the front porch, he himself prepared the Sunday joint. The two Republicans afterwards discussed the itinerary of their coming campaign, in which they will stump the entire country, including the "solid South."

TOURING THE KOREAN BATTLEFIELDS: General Mark Clark (left), United Nations Supreme Commander in Korea and Japan, hailing a jeep for his guest, the American Army Chief of Staff, General J. Lawton Collins, whom he recently escorted round the battlefields. With them is Major-General John Selden, Commander of the U.S. Marine First Division in Korea. General Collins' visit came at a time when the chances of a Korean armistice seemed to be becoming ever more remote, and this view was expressed by General van Fleet, Commander of the U.N. ground forces, at a Press conference in Seoul.

GLIMPSES OF THE FESTIVAL CITY

Edinburgh, Which Will be Playing Host to the World from August 17 to September 6

IN WHITE HORSE CLOSE, CANONGATE, A BALCONIED INN OF OLD EDINBURGH: Modern improvements in the Scottish capital have for the most part led to the disappearance of old-world, picturesque buildings and the visitor will search in vain for Allan Ramsay's shop "at the sign of the Mercury, opposite Niddry Wynd," for Cardinal Beaton's Palace, or the Old Cunzie House. Much, however, has been carefully restored, and the holiday visitor exploring round the Canongate may well find the effort most rewarding.

THE WEST BOW—THE ENTRANCE TO GRASSMARKET, EDINBURGH, A PICTURESQUE ASPECT OF THE ANCIENT CITY TO WHICH SO MANY VISITORS WILL SOON BE FLOCKING FOR THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL: The Grassmarket was the scene of the martyrdom of many Covenanters. In earlier days the houses in the West Bow were timber-fronted. In Scott's *Guy Mannering* there is a famous description of Clerchugh's Tavern in this part of Edinburgh.

On right—
FISHWIVES OF NEWHAVEN COME UP TO TOWN: Waiting for a tram in Princes Street during a visit to the city. They belong to the Newhaven choir.

THE WESTERING SUN FALLS UPON THE NEW TOWN: An evening scene in Edinburgh, the Edinburgh of wide streets and spacious squares, of dignified buildings reflecting the work of the Adam brothers.

CONTRASTING STYLES IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL: *Left*—Moray Place, a fine example of the architecture of Georgian Edinburgh. *Right*—The Canongate, showing the Huntly House and the Tolbooth. Edinburgh's original Tolbooth was completed in 1501, but a new one took its place in 1563-64, and was subsequently altered. It was at first occupied by the Parliament and Courts of Justice. The burgh of Canongate was not included in the old city, but belonged to the Abbey of Holyrood.

"EDINBURGH," BY HENRY RUSHBURY, R.A.: This water-colour by the Keeper of the Royal Academy is in this year's Summer Exhibition at Burlington House, and has been much admired by those who know the city.

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THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

EDINBURGH KILTING HER PETTICOATS

For the Sixth Year the Capital of Scotland Prepares to Celebrate the Festival of Music and Drama, and Once Again She Puts on Her Finery

By MORAY McLAREN

THIS is the sixth year in which that once staid old lady (or such used to be her reputation), the capital of Scotland, is "kilting her petticoats," putting on finery, and is celebrating what is now an annual European event, the Edinburgh Festival of Music and Drama. I have called Edinburgh "staid" because that is the epithet that was most usually associated with this ancient town in the days of my youth, and it is difficult for anyone born in Edinburgh in the early years of the century entirely to expunge the word from his vocabulary when talking about his native city.

In point of fact, Edinburgh, which is just about 1,000 years old, has had so stormy a history, has sheltered within its walls, both upon the high rock at the centre of it and in the classic beauty of its eighteenth-century New Town, so many violently contrasting and vivid "types" that one realizes that staidness was only a Victorian, a nineteenth-century quality that was artificially imposed upon her. It was in this Victorian period that the Glasgow folk coined the supposedly odious phrase about Edinburgh folk being "East-Windy and West-Endy." I suppose the east winds have always been with us; but there was precious little West-Endy about Major Weir, the seventeenth-century diabolist, whose memory is still recalled with a shudder in Edinburgh. There was, in his private life at least, nothing West-Endy about Deacon Brodie, the magistrate who dispensed justice by day and was a burglar by night. Mary, Queen of Scots (our most celebrated Edinburgh feminine figure), had her failings, but a stiff West-Endiness was not one of them. And finally it must be remembered that, even in the most respectable period of the last century, Edinburgh, and not London (as R. L. Stevenson pretended it was), was the real locale of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

One glance, however, at the magnificently extravagant skyline that Edinburgh presents to the north and to the south, one day spent exploring the violent contrasts of scene and architecture that go to make the capital of Scotland should wipe from even the most casual visitor the impression of staidness. Here is a city part of which climbs up the side of a volcanic rock (to crown that rock with one of the most celebrated castles in Europe). Another part of the city descends in terraces of Augustan beauty to the plain, part of which is lapped by the sea; and yet another part is walled in by great hills. Such architecture in such a noble setting gives Edinburgh an appearance that is anything but staid.

Stevenson, who both rebelled against his native city and loved her deeply, once laughed at the absurdity of the ordinary citizens of Edinburgh going about their daily avocations in suits of sober black against a perennial background of such extravagant theatricality. Maybe such a contrast in the very middle of Mid-Victorianism may have seemed piquantly absurd to the young artistic rebel brought up in the heart of Edinburgh "Jekyllism." Nevertheless, R.L.S., as he more than half-admitted in his subsequent writings, was unjust to his fellow-citizens. It is true that no modern human beings in the clothes we are compelled to wear, and with the conventions we are compelled to follow, could adequately fill the Edinburgh stage, but on the whole I am continually being surprised by the admirable attempt they make to do so.

Edinburgh always has been and still is (still even in this drab age) a city of characters. Everyone in it is an individual. Only one other English-speaking city on this side of the Atlantic is so composed of separate and distinct individuals: and that is another capital city—Dublin. It has been said that one would know an Edinburgh face wherever one met it in the world. On the other hand, no one would ever confuse one Edinburgh face with another, either in Edinburgh or "furth of Scotland." It is a city of incomparable individuals.

Edinburgh is a city of sharp contrasts; yet it is, almost more than any other town comparable to it in size, a homogeneous whole. Its medieval Old Town scrabbling down the decline of the Castle Rock contrasts with the wide spaces and the gracious harmony of the New Town. The poverty of the one contrasts with the comparatively opulent ease of the other. The well-off, if alas! nowadays architecturally ill-assorted shopping mile of Princes Street contrasts abruptly with the slope down the hill to Leith, sometimes known as "the descent to Avernus," and which occurs immediately at the end of Princes Street. Nevertheless, in a way that it is easy to feel yet difficult to define, all these social and architectural strata *are of one place*—Edinburgh. There is in the capital of Scotland none of that feeling you get in London, and even in the comparatively near Glasgow, that here is a conglomeration of villages.

And so it is with the inhabitants of this city, on whom 1,000 years of civic life have set their stamp. No one in the United Kingdom can, superficially at least, be more pawkily, more dourly severe than the typical Edinburgh lawyer or business man—yet you should see him in his off moments on the curling rink or at the agonizing moment of a last and decisive putt at the eighteenth hole. Moreover, even in his own family there may be presented to him the contrast of one of Edinburgh's celebrated eccentrics. Edinburgh has always had and still proudly possesses a larger proportion of eccentrics of both sexes than any other city in Britain. Yet their very eccentricity is of the place. They seem somehow to spring naturally from the theatricality of the surroundings. It is tempting for any writer on Edinburgh to recall a procession of these eccentrics; but it must be resisted, such a recollection would require an article to itself.

One type may, however, be mentioned, the famous Edinburgh Old Lady. The matriarchs of the capital of Scotland have for well over two centuries been one of her strongest and most individually marked "types." Forthright, independent, outspoken, yet essentially feminine, there can be few Edinburgh citizens who cannot remember from his youth an aunt, a grandmother, a friend of the family who towered over all her society in her own right.

Essentially feminine! There is an appropriateness in this; for Edinburgh is herself an essentially feminine city. She is a gracious and beautiful, but sometimes stern old lady, who again in her own right seems to have the effortless ability to tower over her own circumstances. There is to-day much talk of Scottish Nationalism; and some of the most vigorous supporters of that cause live in the vivid, modern, pushful and larger city of Glasgow. Nevertheless, no one, not even the most vivid Glaswegian, has been heard to suggest that, should Scotland ever have a Parliament of her own again, that Parliament should be anywhere than in Edinburgh. That is one of the most significant tributes that has been paid to the 1,000-year-old capital of Scotland, which is with such vitality now celebrating her Sixth Festival of Music and Drama.

THE SETTING FOR "DIE ZAUBERFLOTE," THE MOZART OPERA WHICH WILL BE PRESENTED BY THE HAMBURG STATE OPERA DURING THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: This stage set is the work of Alfred Siercke, one of the three designers with the Hamburg Opera. Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, Weber's *Der Freischütz*, and Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* are also in the well-varied Hamburg repertoire.

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

New Ideas Permeate the Festival Pattern

The Programme for 1952 has its Basis in Past Successes, but this Time the Purpose Has Been to Introduce Variety and Controversy

By IAN HUNTER, Artistic Director of the Edinburgh Festival

THE pattern of the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama is now well established. Opera, drama, orchestral and chamber concerts, ballet, art exhibitions, the Edinburgh Tattoo and innumerable "other events" take place simultaneously during the last two weeks of August and the first week of September against the historic beauty of Scotland's capital.

This Festival, to be held between August 17 and September 6, will be only the sixth, but we already foresee that precedent, routine and reliance on past successes are rocks in a necessarily uncharted sea. Our programme this year has purposely set out therefore to bring variety and controversy whilst adhering to the overall pattern of the past.

For the first time we are inviting an opera company other than Glyndebourne, which incidentally returns to us in 1953. The decision to bring the Hamburg State Opera was taken in order to present a cycle of German operas in national style with the best possible casts in Germany. Günther Rennert, the well-known young stage director and Intendant of the company, will be responsible for five out of the six productions, and many of the singers, conductors and designers will be coming on to Edinburgh after the Salzburg and Bayreuth Festivals. The most interesting production promises to be Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, receiving its first stage performance in this country. Together with the other operas included in the repertory, *The Magic Flute, Fidelio, Freischütz, Die Meistersinger* and *Rosenkavalier*, the season should show, in Rennert's own words, "how new ideas can be blended with tradition."

Hamburg claims to be the oldest opera in Germany, and Handel, Mahler and, more recently, Bruno Walter have all been closely associated with the Opera House, now in course of reconstruction after the war.

To stimulate Tyrone Guthrie's genius for producing on the apron stage of the Assembly Hall, where *The Three Estates* was such a success, we have asked the Old Vic and the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre to present a new adaptation of Joseph Mitchell's *The Highland Fair*, a ballad opera (or musical comedy, as Guthrie suggests) which appeared at Drury Lane two years after *The Beggar's Opera* in 1730. The work has been "freely adapted," by Robert Kemp, and Cedric Thorpe Davie has rearranged many of the Highland and Lowland songs. Two special "tartan" designs have been created, and a cast including Lennox Milne, Marion Studholme, Elizabeth French, Roderick Jones and Ian Wallace will be supported by pipers and dancers, a chorus and orchestra. During the last week, also in the Assembly Hall, the Old Vic is presenting *Romeo and Juliet* on the apron stage, directed by Hugh Hunt, with Claire Bloom and Alan Badel heading an important cast.

Besides these two new productions, there will be two new plays. *The River Line*, by Charles Morgan, directed by Michael MacOwan, with sets by Alan Tabb, is already well known as a novel, but Mr. Morgan states that this should be regarded as a study for the play which has since been completed. The first and third acts are set in the garden of an English country house, and the second act is a "flashback" to a granary near Toulouse during the recent war, where prisoners were hidden when escaping from France through "the river line." The cast will be headed by Pamela Brown and Paul Schofield, and will include Michael Goodliffe, Virginia McKenna, John Westbrook and Robert Hardy. The second, *The Player King*, is a verse-play about Perkin Warbeck, specially written for the Festival by Christopher Hassall. The cast includes Cathleen Nesbitt, Heather Stannard, Tony Britton, Andrew Faulds and Anne Trego, and the middle act is set in Stirling Castle at the Court of King James IV of Scotland.

In the Usher Hall a great British orchestra has been given pride of place. The Royal Philharmonic, under Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., will give the opening performance of the Festival on the evening of Sunday, August 17, before an audience including the Duke of Edinburgh and thirty-four Ambassadors and ministers accredited to the Court of St. James. During the following six days further concerts will be given by the orchestra, with Clifford Curzon and Josef Szigeti, culminating in a performance on Sunday, August 24, of Berlioz' oratorio *L'Enfance du Christ* in French, with the Edinburgh Royal Choral Union, Arda Mandikian, Leopold Simoneau, Bruce Boyce and André Vessières as soloists.

The Festival Piano Quartet, consisting of Josef Szigeti, William Primrose, Pierre Fournier and Clifford Curzon, especially assembled for Edinburgh, will give three concerts, including a performance of the Brahms Horn Trio and Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, with Dennis Brain, the young, but world-famous, horn player, and Edward Merrett, son and father of well-known double-bass players.

A concert of special interest will be the joint recital on September 2, when the "Brahms Liebeslieder Walzer" will be sung by Irmgard Seefried, Kathleen Ferrier, Julius Patzak and Frederick Dalberg, with Clifford Curzon and Hans Gal accompanying.

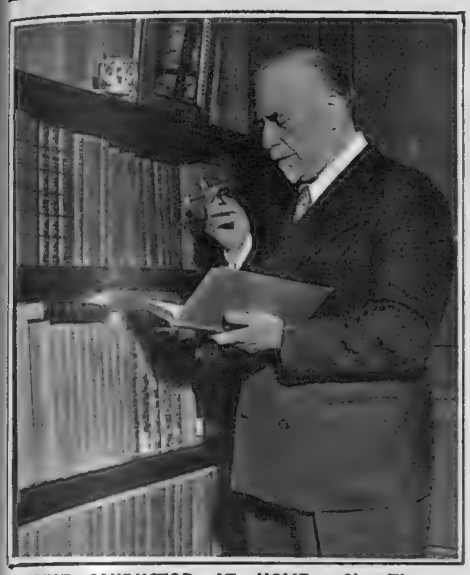
The Concertgebouw Orchestra from Amsterdam, under Eduard van Beinum and Rafael Kubelik, will provide contrast with the British

JOSEF SZIGETI, SOLOIST WITH THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA AND MEMBER OF THE FESTIVAL PIANO QUARTET: He will be giving at Edinburgh the first performance in Great Britain of Frank Martin's Violin Concerto; a truly notable musical occasion.

EMLYN WILLIAMS AS CHARLES DICKENS: At Edinburgh this year, on the centenary of the first appearance of *Bleak House*, he will give readings from the famous novel. Last year London and New York applauded Mr. Williams's readings.

THE GRIM AND SOMBRE SETTING FOR WEBER'S "DER FRIESHUTZ" ("THE WOLF'S GLEN"): This will be one of the six operas in the Edinburgh repertoire of the Hamburg State Opera.

THE PRISON SETTING FOR BEETHOVEN'S "FIDELIO": This will be the opening performance by the Hamburg State Opera, and will take place at the King's Theatre on Monday, August 18. The conductor will be Leopold Ludwig. On the following night will be presented Mozart's *Die Zauberflote*. Many of those taking part will be going to Edinburgh following performances given at the Bayreuth and Salzburg Festivals.



A GREAT CONDUCTOR AT HOME: Sir Thomas Beecham, who will conduct the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the Edinburgh Festival. He will conduct at the opening concert at the Usher Hall on Sunday, August 17, when the Duke of Edinburgh has promised to attend, and the audience will include thirty-four Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Court of St. James's.

THE GLASGOW CITIZENS' THEATRE WILL PRESENT THE BALLAD OPERA "HIGHLAND FAIR," BY JOSEPH MITCHELL: These are some of the costume designs for this production, which will be seen at the Assembly Hall, where Tyrone Guthrie will no doubt demonstrate once again his ability to make the best use of the apron stage as he did in *The Three Estates*. The *Highland Fair* first appeared at Drury Lane in 1730, two years after *The Beggar's Opera* stormed the town.

orchestral style of the Royal Philharmonic and the Hallé Orchestras, the latter appearing during the last three days of the Festival. Particularly interesting will be performances of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," given under van Beinum, with Kathleen Ferrier and Julius Patzak, the well-known Austrian tenor, and a performance of "Le Sacre du Printemps" under the same conductor. Kubelik will give performances of Czech music, including the "New World" Symphony, and Elgar's "'Cello Concerto," with Fournier as soloist.

The Scottish National and B.B.C. Scottish Orchestras will each give a concert, the former including the Brahms double concerto for violin and 'cello played by Szigeti and Fournier under Walter Susskind, and the latter the first performance of the Scottish composer Eric Chisholm's violin concerto played by Max Rostal under Ian Whyte.

The Hallé Orchestra and its choir of 200 voices under Sir John Barbirolli will conclude the series of concerts with performances of "The Dream of Gerontius" by Elgar and "The Messiah" by Handel, with Irmgard Seefried, Kathleen Ferrier, Richard Lewis, Frederick Dalberg and Marion Nowakowski as soloists.

In the Empire Theatre we have three ballet companies representing the British, American and French styles of dancing. In the first week the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet will present, besides some works from its repertory, the first performance of a new ballet by John Cranko, with music by John Gardner, to be known as "Reflection." The ballet is about the tragedy of a man who, through his own egoism, finds he cannot escape from his own meanness, which in the end destroys him. Opposite David Poole, Patricia Miller will dance the role of his Negative. The man moulds her to his own way of thinking, but finally, when she becomes like him, he tries to escape from her, only to find that he cannot do so.

American ballet is represented by the New York City Ballet. They will present two ballets which have not been previously seen in the British Isles. The first is "Picnic at Tintagel," with choreography by Frederick Ashton and decor by Cecil Beaton; and the second new ballet will be Balanchine's "Tyl Ulenspiegel," set to the Strauss music. Dancers will include Maria Tallchief, Nora Kaye and Jerome Robbins.

The Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas, with a company headed by Rosella Hightower and George Skibine, will present in the last week of the Festival three ballets new to Great Britain, "Scaramouche," "Ines de Castro" and "Prisoner in the Caucasus."

Art exhibitions are a comparative new addition to the Festival programme. In 1950 we had a Rembrandt exhibition; in 1951 "El Greco to Goya," and this year what promises to be of great interest at a Festival where ballet has such a prominent place, a Degas exhibition.

Derek Hill, the artist, and one of the leading authorities on Degas, has assembled for us with the help of the Arts Council nearly fifty paintings and pieces of sculpture which will be seen in the Main Gallery of the Royal Scottish Academy. Paintings will come from the leading collections in this country, some from the Louvre, and other French galleries, others from Berne, Hamburg and private collections on the Continent. The exhibition will also include Mr. Robert Sainsbury's superb bronze of a clothed dancer.

MARIA TALLCHIEF AND FRANCISCO MONCION DANCING IN THE BALLET "FIREBIRD": This will be in the repertoire of the New York City Ballet, which will follow the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh.

Twenty-six of the fifty-five concerts and recitals given during the three weeks of the Festival take place in the intimacy of the Freemasons' Hall. This year a new group, the Royal Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra, consisting of the first desks of this great orchestra, will be appearing in six concerts under John Pritchard, the young English conductor of Glyndebourne and Vienna State Opera fame (who is also conductor of the Jacques Orchestra), and Hans Oppenheim, who has now settled in Edinburgh. Under Oppenheim, the orchestra, supported by a Festival Chamber Choir of picked voices and such singers as Ena Mitchell, Joan Alexander, Alfred Deller, Richard Lewis and William Parsons, will give performances of "The Coronation Anthem" and "The Ode to St. Cecilia" by Purcell, and Handel's "Acis and Galatea."

By way of contrast, an incomparable group known as the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra under Karl Munchinger, will play all the "Brandenburg" concertos.

Lieder recitals have become a regular feature of the Festival, and this year Irmgard Seefried, Flora Nielsen, Julius Patzak and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau will be heard. The last-named is a young man of barely twenty-six who has made a great reputation in this country with his recordings.

Other groups include the Quintette de l'Atelier from Paris, our own Amadeus Quartet, the Vegh String Quartet, the Robert Masters Piano Quartet and the London Czech Trio.

For those with a thirst for knowledge, a series of Festival Talks has been arranged to take place in the afternoons. Speakers will include Festival artists such as Sir Thomas Beecham, Tyrone Guthrie, Günther Rennert, Rafael Kubelik, and the musicologists Desmond Shawe-Taylor and Stewart Deas speaking on German Opera. To add interest to the series, Miss Mary Garden, the Scottish singer from Aberdeen, who created Melisande for Debussy at the Paris Opera, and was at one time Director of the Chicago Opera, will speak of her association with Debussy, Messager and Charpentier.

The Hamburg Opera consists of 260 persons. They will bring over 800 costumes. The Hallé Choir of 250 has to be accommodated, fed and transported in a city already full to overflowing. There are over a quarter of a million tickets available over three weeks. Artistic temperament aside, the physical task of looking after the everyday requirements of nearly 2,000 artists is formidable.

On Calton Hill this curious butter-churn structure shows how public taste in an earlier day saw fit to perpetuate the memory of Lord Nelson. The monument was begun soon after Trafalgar, but it was not completed until the year of Waterloo.

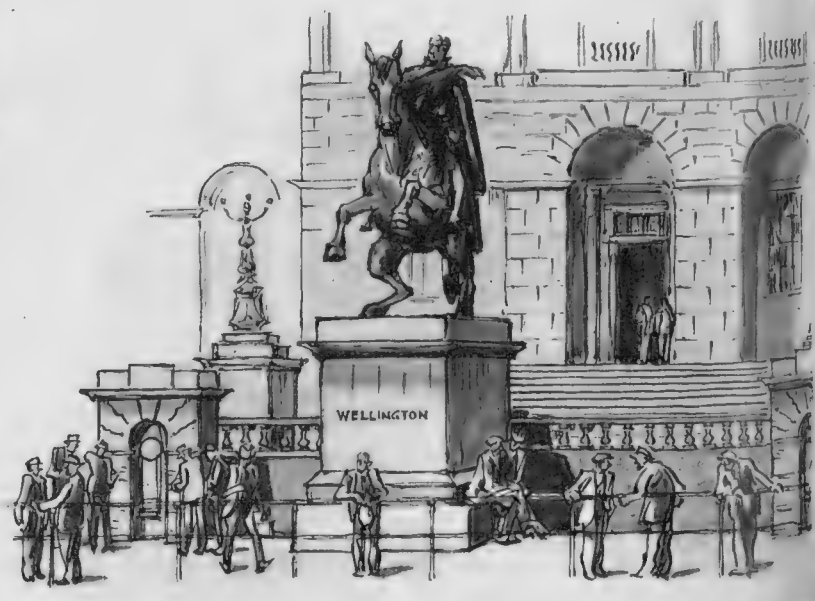
EDINBURGH VIGNETTES

SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS By W. DOUGLAS MACLEOD

The Waverley Steps, a familiar scene to a host of travellers visiting the Festival city. They are the approach to Princes Street from the Waverley Railway Station, the windy corner of Edinburgh.

The new island traffic control scheme at the west end of Princes Street has transformed the appearance of this busy centre.

Looking from high up on the Mound, the famous embankment which connects the New Town with the Old Town. Down in the valley can be seen the Royal Scottish Academy building on Princes Street.



At the east end of Princes Street is the Register House, and before it is the Wellington Monument, and also the clock controlled by the Royal Observatory. The Wellington Monument, the work of Sir John Steell, was inaugurated in a violent thunderstorm in 1852, on the anniversary of Waterloo. It was this that gave rise to the lines: "Mid lightning flash and thunderous echoing peal, Behold the Iron Duke in bronze by Steell."

The Regent Terrace in the New Town. This example of Georgian architecture was designed by the great W. H. Playfair. The frontage looks down upon Holyroodhouse, Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags. The American and French Consulates are situated in this terrace, which has true Georgian dignity.

The Dean Bridge, built by Telford in 1832 over the Water of Leith. It is 447 ft. long and 105 ft. high, and carries the Queensferry Road from the west end of Princes Street. In the valley beneath the massive structure nestles the old village of Dean.

This stone carving of a head is in the High Street, and bears the inscription: "Heave awa' chaps, I am no' dead yet." It commemorates an incident long ago when the building collapsed and buried a man who was subsequently rescued by his friends, the latter encouraged to prodigious efforts by his shouts.

The North Bridge and the approach to Waverley Station. The North Bridge links the Old Town and the New Town, and spans the valley where once upon a time the Nor' Loch was situated. The bridge was completed in 1772 and rebuilt in 1894-97. The castle heights are in the background.

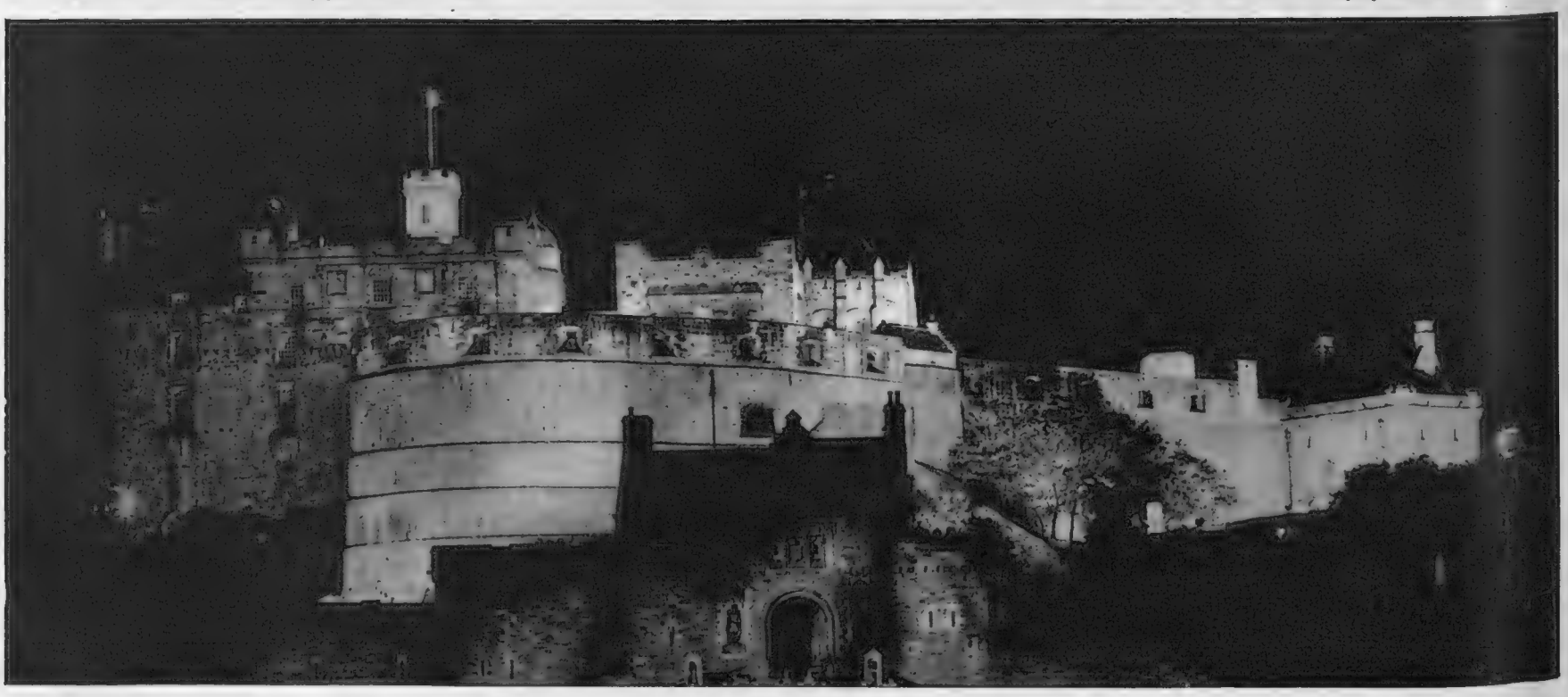
THE TATTOO

A HIGHLIGHT OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL, TO BE HELD ON THE CASTLE ESPLANADE

SPOTLIT ON PARADE—THE MILITARY PARADE ON THE CASTLE ESPLANADE: This picture was taken during an earlier Festival in the series, but it serves as a reminder of the brilliant pageant in store for Festival visitors this year. The Military Tattoo of 1952, which will be staged by floodlight each evening except Thursdays, will include the massed pipes and drums of the Scottish Regiments, massed military bands, an historical pageant, and a display of drill. Seating accommodation for spectators will be provided in stands raised round the perimeter of the Esplanade. For the Festival the Canadian Highlanders and the Seaforth pipes will be brought specially from Germany. The Canadians will be making their first appearance in the United Kingdom. One spectacular item will be the Mounted Fanfare of the Garde Republicaine from Paris. The resounding notes of the Garde's trumpets precede all cavalry parades in the French capital. The Royal Netherlands Grenadiers Band will also add to the international aspect of the Tattoo.

Below—

THE FLOODLIGHTS OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: A reminder of the Festival display held in 1950.



THE PALACE OF LINLITHGOW AND ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH ARE SHOWPLACES WITHIN EASY REACH OF EDINBURGH : The fortified palace, standing above the shore of the loch, is externally somewhat heavy and severe. The church shows marked French influence and is regarded as one of the finest parish churches in Scotland. There was probably a Royal dwelling on this site at the time of David I, but the earliest work seen to-day is the tower of Edward I. The capture of Edward I's castle in 1313 by a handful of Scots, who entered concealed in a load of hay, is one of the romantic feats which abound in Scottish history.

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

EXPLORING AROUND EDINBURGH AT FESTIVAL TIME

Some Places of Interest Near the Scottish Capital and Meriting a Visit by Those Who Desire a Change of Scene

By J. MURRAY WATSON (Editor of "The Scotsman")

VISITORS to Edinburgh in Festival time may not find it easy to tear themselves away from the numerous attractions it offers and the "sights" to be seen in the city itself. But for those who desire a temporary change of scene and a relief from urban surroundings, there are many places of historical, literary or artistic interest, as well as beauty spots, within easy reach of the capital, or indeed within its confines, for Edinburgh is town and country combined. "A fine quality in any town is easiness of escape," says Ivor Brown in *Summer in Scotland*. His reference is to Aberdeen, but it is still applicable to Edinburgh, although, as he adds, there is some danger of the capital eating up the Lothians.

In area Edinburgh is second only to London. It has crept along the Firth of Forth eastwards towards Musselburgh, which proudly claims to have been a burgh "when Edinburgh was nane"—it goes back to Roman times—and asserts that it will be a burgh "when Edinburgh 's gaen"; and westwards to include Cramond, which was a Roman station and port, and is still a quaint, old-world village; while inland it mounts the Pentland Hills, thus adding to the number of its heights which make it a city of long and lofty views. Its natural hinterland is the Lothians, rich in tillage and pasture and an underground wealth of coal which the monks of Preston and of Culross, on either side of the Forth, first discovered. Although sundered by the sea estuary, it is linked with the "Kingdom of Fife" by the famous Forth Bridge, still one of the engineering wonders of the world, but in the continued absence of a road-bridge at the same site motor traffic has to make a detour by Kincardine, the longest road-bridge in Britain, or has to use the ferries at Granton and Queensferry.

A tour westwards along the Forth littoral provides many interests for motorist and pedestrian alike. On your way to Cramond you should call at beautiful Lauriston Castle, now under the trusteeship of the Corporation of Edinburgh, which was the heritage of John Law, a reckless Scottish financier who floated the Mississippi Scheme through his bank in Paris which was invested with the sovereignty of Louisiana. At Cramond a short walk up the River Almond will bring you to old Cramond Brig, where James V, who was fond of going about in disguise, was rescued from robbers by a countryman, Jock Howison, who was rewarded for his pains with the lands of Braehead on condition that he and his successors should present a ewer and basin for the King to wash his hands when his Majesty came to Holyrood Palace or passed the bridge. The ceremony, *servitium lavacri*, was performed for the present Queen at Holyroodhouse this year. At Cramond there is a ferry across the river provided by the Earl of Rosebery, and a delightful walk through the policies of Dalmeny takes you past Barnbougle Castle to the Forth Bridge and Queensferry, the latter an old-fashioned seaport town, with the "Hawes Inn," that figures in Scott's *Antiquary* and Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. If you have time to cross the Forth by bridge or ferry, you can visit Dunfermline, with its ruined palace and remains of the twelfth-century romanesque abbey, the home and the burial-place of early Scottish kings, including Robert the Bruce. Or, if you do not cross the water, and are interested in venerable churches, you can see the Norman church at Dalmeny, recently restored. Farther west, Hopetoun House, the palatial seat of the Marquess of Linlithgow, and the historic house of Dalyell of the Binns are open to the public at stated times, and beyond is Linlithgow itself, with its ruined palace, where Mary Queen of Scots was born, its ancient St. Michael's Church, and its pleasant loch.

PRESTON MILL, WEST LOTHIAN, A NATIONAL TRUST PROPERTY : The mill, still in use, is believed to be at least 400 years old.

Going east from Edinburgh, you pass through Musselburgh, with its old town house and cross, and its "links," one of the earliest places where golf was played, and you can continue through what has been called the holy land of golf, by Longniddry, Aberlady, Gullane and Dirleton to North Berwick, the celebrated seaside resort with, seaward, the Bass Rock, home of solan geese and myriads of other seabirds. Or, if you take the Great North Road (A 1) after Musselburgh, you pass the battlefield of Prestonpans, where Johnny Cope was caught dozing by Prince Charlie's Highlanders, and can strike inland to Haddington, with its memories of Jane Welsh Carlyle, and its noble, partially restored church, "the Lamp of the Lothians," while near by is Traprain Law, where a hoard of Roman silver plate, now in the Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh, was found, and farther on old Preston Mill, a place beloved of artists, is worth a visit.

Southwards "atween the muckle Pentland's knees," but within the city boundary, although you would not think so because of the truly rural appearance of its thatched cottages, lies Swanston, where R.L.S. spent happy holidays, and farther out, off the Carlops road, you can turn aside to Glencorse's old, ruined kirk, which Stevenson told Crockett his spirit would haunt. Carlops was the birthplace of Allan Ramsay, with the scene of the "Gentle Shepherd" near by. Off the Penicuik road lies Roslin, on the edge of a lovely wooded glen, with its ruined castle and its chapel, a gem of decorated Gothic *in excelsis*, with monuments and memories of "the lordly line of high St. Clair," its special showpiece, the Prentice Pillar, carved, as the story tells, by a youthful mason in the absence of his master, who, when he saw the workmanship, slew the apprentice in a fit of jealousy. There is also an old inn at Roslin which was visited by Dr. Johnson and Boswell, and by Burns and Nasmyth. Through the dell and up the other side will bring you to the precipitously perched "classic Hawthornden," where the other Jonson, Ben, stayed on his visit to his fellow-poet Drummond. On by the road you come to Lasswade, where Drummond is buried, and where Scott and De Quincey had rural homes.

This is but a small selection of places of interest in the environs of Edinburgh, which a stranger so disposed could visit of a morning, or an afternoon, but, of course, if he desires to go farther field and has the time to spare, there is the wonderful, romantic Borderland to explore, the homes and haunts of Thomas the Rhymer, Sir Walter Scott, and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; and the abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, Jedburgh and Kelso, lovely even in their ruins. No city is better served by bus tours than Edinburgh. Many famous houses and gardens in the vicinity are on view to the public during the Festival season.

SHOWPLACES NEAR THE FESTIVAL CITY

LAURISTON CASTLE, THE EARLY HOME OF JOHN LAW : Lauriston, lying on the road from Edinburgh to the Forth Bridge, is open to visitors. The grounds of the adjacent Barnton House are now a public recreation park. John Law (1671-1729) was the founder of the first bank in France and author of the financially disastrous Mississippi scheme of 1717-20.

THE HAWES INN AT SOUTH QUEENSFERRY : The quaint little Royal Burgh of South Queensferry derives its name from Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, who passed that way on her journeys between Edinburgh and Dunfermline.

"THE LAMP OF THE LOTHIANS," ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HADDINGTON : Only the nave and the stately tower are intact in this Abbey Church, choir and transept being in ruins. The tower was once crowned by a lantern ("the Lamp of the Lothians"), like St. Giles's. Near the east end of the choir is the tomb of Jane Welsh Carlyle.

THE MANSION OF PITTENCRIEFF AT DUNFERMLINE : The house and its estate were presented to the town by Andrew Carnegie in 1903. The park has quite one of the finest flower gardens in Scotland and the seventeenth-century mansion contains a museum of antiquities.

THE 300-YEAR-OLD INN AT ROSLIN, NOW USED AS A DWELLING HOUSE BY THE CURATOR OF THE FAMOUS ROSLIN CHAPEL : In the background are the Pentland Hills, a favourite haunt of Edinburgh folk, affording opportunities for many delightful walks. The Pentland range begins 3 miles south of Edinburgh and stretches south-west for 16 miles.

On right—

HOPETOUN HOUSE, THE EAST FRONT : This classical mansion of the Marquess of Linlithgow was begun in 1696 by Sir William Bruce and completed by William Adam, the father of the Adelphi in London.

A B.E.A. HELICOPTER TAKES OFF FROM THE SOUTH BANK SITE IN THE HEART OF LONDON : **The test was one of a number carried out last week to discover whether this former Festival site would be suitable as a rotor station for Central London.** The tests appeared to be highly successful, and if this proves to be so it may well be that the Ministry of Civil Aviation will approach the London County Council, the owners of the site, and the Ministry of Works, which leases it, with a view to its reservation for helicopter services. Regular B.E.A. services, using twelve-seat, twin-engined helicopters, could begin using the site in about two years if it is deemed suitable.

LONDON'S HELICOPTER TERMINUS ?

Testing Out the South Bank Site for a Major Role

A SIKORSKY S 51 ABOVE THE HALF-DEMOLISHED FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN SITE ON THE SOUTH BANK : *On left* and *right*—Two views of the hover-plane as it came in to land during last week's trials. In spite of the presence of high buildings fringing the site at a distance of about 300 yards on all sides, except towards the river, the approaches and landings were made with ease. The take-off was made towards the river, over which the aircraft climbed rapidly to about 1,000 ft., each time to circle and land again. After about an hour's test flying, the helicopter was flown back to Gatwick airport. Wing Commander R. A. C. Brie, who was in charge of the experiments, alighted from the aircraft after its first landing. He said : "I think the site has possibilities."

GLORIOUS GOODWOOD—A GENERAL VIEW FROM TRUNDLE HILL OF THE FINISH OF THE STEWARDS' CUP RACE ON THE FIRST DAY : Mr. A. Bird's Vatellus, ridden by H. Jones, was well ahead coming over the hill, and at half-way it seemed he could not be caught. But C. Smirke on Mr. D. Robinson's Smokey Eyes took the race in the last furlong, winning by a length from Vatellus and drawing rapidly clear at the post. Lady Baron's Wild Boy, three-quarters of a length behind, was third. During the previous twenty-four hours there had been no rain, and the going was firm. A commentary on each race was broadcast to the usual great crowds in the popular enclosures.

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

Racing at Goodwood ; Roman Discoveries in Scotland ; the New Soviet Ambassador ; Highland Games in Perthshire ; the Bermuda-Plymouth Yacht Race

THE HIGHLAND GAMES AT LOCHEARNHEAD, PERTHSHIRE : The two young girls and the boy in this picture are competing in the Scottish Country Dancing Competition, one of the many events which took place at the Lochearnhead meeting recently. One of the highlights of the meeting was the performance of J. Hunter, from Dunecht, who set up a new record when he won four field events.

MR. ANDREI GROMYKO, THE NEW SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN, ARRIVES AT VICTORIA STATION IN LONDON : He was accompanied by Mr. Belokhvostikov, Chargé d'Affaires in London, who met him at Dover. Mr. Hohler, head of the Northern Department of the Foreign Office, and Mr. Shuckburgh, Principal Private Secretary to Mr. Eden, were present as representatives of the Queen and the Foreign Office. Mr. Gromyko said : "I am very glad to be in this country. I would like to see a strengthening of the understanding between the British people and the people of the Soviet, especially now when there are many international problems which must be solved." As the Ambassador walked to his car there were cries of "Go home, Gromyko," and anti-Communist leaflets were scattered on the pavement.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT WORK IN SCOTLAND : They are Dr. K. A. Steer and his second-in-command, Mr. Glen Aitken, who, with a team of students from a number of British universities, have been excavating the site of a large Roman fort at Oakwood, Ettrick, in Scotland.

EXCAVATIONS IN PROGRESS ON THE EARLY IRON AGE HUT WHICH HAS BEEN DISCOVERED ON DARTMOOR : The circle of stone, where the students are working, is the site of the hut, which was discovered by Lady Aileen Fox, of Exeter. Lady Fox, with volunteers, excavated the site for three weeks before discovering the hut. A clue to its age was provided by some pottery found near by. The hut is about 36 ft. in diameter, and is surrounded by an enclosure in which the occupiers of the hut kept their livestock. Other discoveries made by the party included a primitive drainage system, pieces of flint used for cutting, and a small smelting furnace.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS ON THE SITE OF THE ROMAN CAMP AT OAKWOOD, ETTRICK, IN SCOTLAND : The site was first discovered by aerial survey three years ago. Preliminary work was done last summer, and this year's discoveries are described as of "text-book importance" to students.

ADMIRAL SIR RHODERICK McGRIGOR, FIRST SEA LORD, CONGRATULATING A CADET DURING THE FOUNDERS' DAY CELEBRATIONS OF PANGBOURNE NAUTICAL COLLEGE : The Cadet is M. F. D. Padwick, R.N., who received a token of the Queen's Gold Medal, the die of which has not yet been struck.

Work has now been completed on the excavations of the Roman fort at Oakwood, Ettrick, Scotland, which was discovered in an aerial survey three years ago. One of the most important discoveries is the number of original wooden gateposts which have been found in almost perfect preservation. Of these, one is being retained by Buccleuch Estates, Ltd., and the remainder will be distributed to museums throughout Britain. The fort, covering an area of some 3½ acres, which was apparently occupied for about twenty years, controlled a Roman marching camp of 34 acres. It appears that the fort had gateways with towers, and it is believed that some special quality in the Oakwood soil has preserved the woodwork, which in other similar forts has entirely vanished. One point of mystery is the location of the Roman road which must have linked the camp with Newstead, the main Roman stronghold in the district. Research over the Selkirk Golf Course has been made, but no trace of such a road has so far been found. It is possible that the Selkirkshire Antiquarian Society will take up the search for it at a later date. This year's excavations were financed by the Society of Antiquaries and the Christianbury Trust. From the evidence it has been judged that the camp had two periods of occupation during the twenty years, the first apparently being during Agricola's incursion into Scotland in the year A.D. 80.

On right—

"SAMUEL PEPYS" MOORS AT MILLBAY DOCKS, PLYMOUTH, AFTER THE BERMUDA TO PLYMOUTH RACE : The *Samuel Pepys*—she weighs only 6 tons, and was the smallest vessel to take part in the transatlantic race back from Bermuda—was placed first not only in her own class, but, when the corrected times were announced, they showed that she had beaten the American yacht *Caribee*, which was the first boat to arrive at Plymouth. The *Caribee*'s corrected time was 17 days 12 hrs. 38 mins., and the *Samuel Pepys*' was 17 days 5 hrs. 3 mins. While passing the coast of Brittany, the crew of the *Samuel Pepys* had some anxious moments when their keel became entangled in the nets of a French fishing-boat. The yacht heeled over at an alarming angle, but just when it seemed she would capsize, the nets broke, and she righted herself.

THIRTY-TWO FORGOTTEN MEN

Mihailovich's Generals have Just Celebrated the Anniversary of the Death of Their Leader. They Live in Exile in Germany, and Will Never See Yugoslavia Again

GENERAL DIMITRIJE ZIVKOVIC, LEADER OF THE LITTLE PARTY OF YUGOSLAV OFFICERS WHO LIVE AS EXILES IN GERMANY UNDER CONDITIONS OF POVERTY AND ISOLATION : They were officers under General Mihailovitch, whose bands of guerrillas in Yugoslavia were such a burden to the German army of occupation. Mihailovitch himself was executed by the Yugoslav Government, under Tito, for alleged collaboration with the Germans. Zivkovic and his brother officers were captured by the Germans. Ever since, they have remained exiles in Germany, still loyal to ex-King Peter.

SOME OF THE OFFICERS OF MIHAILOVITCH'S ARMY WHO ARE LIVING AS EXILES IN GERMANY : Still loyal to ex-King Peter, they dare not return to Yugoslavia, where Mihailovitch, accused of collaborating with the Germans, was condemned and shot. The ornate façade of the German castle where they live might support their dignity, but it conceals a life of want and poverty.

GENERAL DESAN ILIC, ONE OF THE EXILED OFFICERS, PAINTING A RELIGIOUS SUBJECT : This is how he passes the time. Usually his paintings are done on wood taken from packing-cases.

THE UNIFORM OF ONE OF THE EXILED GENERALS : It belongs to General Dimitrije Predic, and is being treasured like a sacred relic.

TWO OF THE YUGOSLAV OFFICERS READING THE "VOICE OF THE SERBIAN FIGHTERS" : It is an emigrant's paper printed in Italy, and contains the only news they get regularly of fellow-exiles outside Germany.

Near Muenster, in Germany, twenty-four Yugoslav Generals and eight Colonels live in the Schloss Varlas. They are the remnants of the 3,500 Yugoslav officers taken prisoner by the Germans during the last war, and now, ironically, they are dependents of the German Welfare Department. Their return to Yugoslavia is impossible, for they are loyal royalists, still proclaiming their allegiance to the exiled King Peter. They still have the regimental banners they succeeded in preserving throughout their imprisonment. They hold fast to their dignity and they are resolved to die in exile.

These men were the cream of Yugoslavia's wartime officer corps, the diehards among the prisoners whom the Germans shifted from one prison camp to another, until they ended up in the Allied concentration centre at Osnabrueck. Many of their comrades have died; a few elected to go home; and others have joined the British police forces in Germany. Their dole from the Germans, whom they fought in two wars, is the very minimum necessary to sustain existence. Even a letter is a luxury—and correspondence with friends in Yugoslavia must be carried on clandestinely. The only news reaching them regularly from fellow-exiles outside Germany is in the Yugoslav emigrant's paper printed in Italy, the *Voice of the Serbian Fighters*.

The exiled Generals live very frugally. For breakfast they get two slices of dry bread and synthetic coffee. Except on Sundays, the midday meal consists of one course. For supper there are three slices of bread with a little butter, some sausage or cheese, and synthetic coffee again. The food costs them about two shillings a day and, in addition, there is about sixpence in pocket money for each of them.

But the Generals do not want people thinking that they are starving, for they are still proud. "The food is enough for old people like us, and we have nothing to exert ourselves for," said their leader, General Dimitrije Zivkovic, who defended Belgrade and was once instructor to Mihailovitch. General Zivkovic's only complaint was that the pocket money doled out to his once-wealthy officer corps was insufficient to cover expenditure on shoe repairs, postage and other small but essential needs. None of them smoke any longer. And although they are free to travel—in Germany at least—because of poverty they cannot.

The officers would like to emigrate, but they feel they are too old to go, except as a group. And no country has offered to take them. They are passing their lives in idleness, with no hope for the future and wry memories of the past.

THE GREAT STADIUM AT HELSINKI, THE SCENE OF FIERCELY FOUGHT ENCOUNTERS IN THE FIELD AND TRACK EVENTS: The stadium, which was built for the 1940 Olympiad (postponed by the war), may be pulled down in a few years, as it is generally regarded as too large for Finnish needs.

THE OLYMPIAD IN RETROSPECT

Taking into Account the Ferocity of Modern Competition, Great Britain Has Probably Done Better in the Olympic Games Than Ever Before

By H. A. MEYER (O.U.A.C., Achilles Club)

Since the close of the Olympic Games at Helsinki, British critics have set up a chorus of condemnation of the British effort at the Games. Mr. H. A. Meyer, who was a member of a winning Achilles relay team in the A.A.A. Championships, and is Editor of "Athletics," handbook of the Achilles Club, here sets out his own personal reactions to the news from Helsinki, showing how, in his judgment, we have done better than ever before in the various field and track events.

A GREAT deal is being written about Great Britain's failure to bring back from Helsinki more than a couple of bronze medals in the men's track and field events. The general tendency is to blame a lack of experience in international competition and to suggest that our athletes have either not raced enough or trained enough during the later stages of their Olympic preparations.

Before questioning this view and suggesting other important factors which may have contributed to our failure to snatch the highest honours, it may be as well to analyse the results. Far from showing any decadence in British athletics, they reveal that, in spite of the tremendous rise in standards in world athletics generally (in almost all events the Olympic record was either beaten or equalled), the fact is that Great Britain in 1952 did better than in 1948, 1936 and 1932. Probably, taking the ferocity of modern competition into account, better than ever before.

The actual placing in first, second or third position may, in the event, depend on so many physical and psychological factors, coupled with the luck of the draw and of the day. It is therefore more advisable to consider how many of each nation's three competitors force a way into the last twelve survivors in the world's fierce eliminating rounds and then their ultimate success or failure in achieving one of the coveted six placed positions in the final.

On this basis it is interesting to note that in 1948, at Wembley, we had no competitor in the last twelve in five track and four field events: in eight track and seven field events we had no one placed in the first six official places. By contrast, at Helsinki, in 1952, we had competitors in the last twelve in all but two track events, and in all but two they gained places in the last six in the final. In the field events (still our weakest point), while we had one competitor fewer in the last twelve, this time we were placed in the last six in two events as against one in 1948. In addition, for the first time in Oympic history, we had a competitor placed among the last twelve in that most gruelling of all-rounders' championships, the Decathlon, comprising ten running, jumping, hurdling and strong-men's throwing events, all to be completed in forty-eight hours of gruelling competition: and he finished a gallant and encouraging ninth!

A comparative table of results is appended, and will be found on the following page.

These figures, it may be thought, represent a very definite advance in the all-round standard of British athletics, set against a background of fantastic progress in the standard, times and performances of world competition generally. Admittedly gold and silver medals have eluded us, but with one after another of our athletes by far exceeding his own previous best and achieving times that would have won the final in any previous Olympiad, it seems to me to be a record for admiration, rather than for hanging out the mourning banners advocated by more than one of the "professors."

It has already been pointed out that the actual winning of an Olympic final, or the difference—often "inches"—between one of the official six places and the next, may hang on so slender an issue as a slight catarrh, a touch of indigestion, a restless or sleepless night, an irritating or worrying communication or, in the last resort, the drawing of a less-favoured lane or one in a wetter or drier condition than another.

Against that background, if our athletes can be said to have failed in not bringing back at least one gold or silver medal, is it possible to point to any undesirable reason for their alleged failure?

Most of the critics blame the lack of experience and practice in the fierce heat of international competition, and suggest that far more racing is required against first-class opposition, to turn our performers into Olympic winners of the future. With this view I must respectfully disagree.

The training and racing programme undergone by the majority of our men this year has been, to my knowledge, a very severe one indeed. It might well be argued that in at least one case a potential short-distance winner had lost the "edge" of his running by the time he got to Helsinki, through the continuous strain of first-class performances in competition. On the other hand, it may fairly be pointed out that the one athlete who spared himself the strain of "peak" racing and trained to have something in hand for the Olympic final itself, did not succeed either: though, in this particular case, the last-minute introduction of a semi-final, with the unexpected—and, in my view, inhuman—burden of three gigantic struggles for survival on consecutive days, may fairly be said to have played havoc with a year's training plan, conceived and designed for one qualifying round, a day's rest and then a world-beating final.

On the whole, then, I am inclined to reject the theory of an insufficiency of gruelling racing, maintaining that most of the athletes who qualified for our Olympic

(*Concluded on following page*)

LORD BURGHLEY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT HELSINKI: The Duke arrived in the yacht *Patricia* (escorted by H.M.S. *Swiftsure*) and was met by the British Olympics chief, Lord Burghley. Later, the Duke drove through cheering crowds to call upon the Finnish President.

THE GREATEST LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER OF MODERN TIMES LEADING THE FIELD IN A HEAT OF THE 5,000 METRES : E. Zatopek, of Czechoslovakia, running in front of Chataway, of Great Britain, in Heat 3 in the first round of this event. Zatopek did not win the heat, but he went on to triumph in the final, creating a new Olympic record with a time of 14 mins. 6·6 secs., thus beating the previous record of Gaston Reiff, of Belgium. In the 5,000 metres, as in the 10,000 metres and the Marathon, which were also won by Zatopek, the winner's stamina was a revelation to all, and he raced his opponents almost to a standstill. Zatopek, in most races, snatched the lead at an early date, for he revels in being a front runner. In the Marathon he finished fresher than after the 5,000 metres.

CHATAWAY FALLS TO THE GROUND WHEN IN THE LEAD IN THE LAST GRUELLING SECONDS OF THE 5,000 METRES FINAL : This was the dramatic spectacle on the final bend as Emil Zatopek, of Czechoslovakia, Mimoun, of France, and Schade, of Germany, swept past the fallen Englishman, the redoubtable Chataway, who had made his big effort in the last back stretch and had succeeded in securing a precarious lead. Chataway, gaining strength almost miraculously, leapt to his feet and managed to finish in the same time as Pirie and about 12 seconds behind the victorious Zatopek. After he had passed the line Chataway collapsed.

THE OLYMPIAD IN RETROSPECT

(Concluded from previous page)

team ran sufficient punishing and testing races, many of them breaking the established British records on the way, on top of training programmes which would in bygone years have been considered absolutely fantastic. This is not necessarily to suggest that they did too much, but I beg leave to doubt whether the majority of athletes profit by the continual production of record-breaking and peak performances. That there are exceptions is clear from the way in which such a phenomenon as Zatopek thrives on it ; but I see no evidence, in going through the list of this year's winners, that the runners who had previously raced to the limit on the greatest number of occasions were the ultimate gold medallists. It is to be noted that in the 1,500 metres, a runner, whose equalling of the world's record within the last few weeks had made him a strong favourite in many quarters, finished in third position, behind two runners who had never previously approached the time they put up in this Olympic final.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that a contributory cause to an only comparative lack of success in achieving the very highest honours is the diet on which our athletes have to run and train.

The exacting programme of training and racing required of an Olympic athlete under modern conditions demands the building up of tremendous reserves of strength and stamina to enable the severity of training, let alone of competition, to be borne. A man who is running twenty miles or more a week as his basic training must be able to build up his muscles and his nerves sufficiently to counter the continual wastage he inflicts on them.

With all due deference to politicians, dieticians, calorists and other protagonists of modern health standards, I cannot believe that it is possible to sustain such herculean efforts on the amount of good, nourishing food available to the Briton under to-day's limitations, by rationing or by mere financial restriction. All I know is that I should have been appalled by the prospect of having to undergo the far less rigorous racing and training programme for the Olympic Games we set ourselves in the '20's on the amount of sustaining foods, particularly meat, on which as a middle-aged man I have to face the far less exacting strains of ordinary daily life.

Finally, I should like to suggest that a record in track events of two thirds, four fourths and five fifths—eleven out of seventy-eight " places " available to the world—is nothing to be ashamed of. Indeed, no other country except the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., with their immense resources and their intensive methods of selection and coaching, has done better. We have had our share of disappointments ; in many cases it has been heartbreakingly " so near and yet so far." In all the circumstances we may justly be said to have done well ; and certainly, in the number of placed men, better than in any of the last four Olympiads or, indeed, since a time when world competition was on a far less hectic scale.

DANA ZATOPEKOVA, OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA, THE WIFE OF EMIL ZATOPEK, MAKING HER FINAL THROW IN THE WOMEN'S JAVELIN EVENT : With a throw of 165 ft. 7 ins. she broke the Olympic record and had the unique distinction of winning a gold medal on the same afternoon that her husband won the medal for the 5,000 metres event.

GUISEPPE DORDONI BREASTS THE TAPE TO SET UP A NEW WORLD AND OLYMPIC RECORD FOR THE 50-KILOMETRE WALK : Dordoni's time was 4 hrs. 28 mins. 7·8 secs. For Great Britain G. R. B. Whitlock finished a creditable fourth and the veteran champion H. H. Whitlock, who had won in Berlin in 1936, came in an even more creditable eleventh.

BRITAIN IN TWO OLYMPIADS, 1948 and 1952

A Comparison of British Successes in Field and Track Events

RUNNING EVENTS (MEN)

EVENT	1948 PLACED (First Six)	1948 LAST TWELVE (or Final)	1952 PLACED (First Six)	1952 LAST TWELVE (or Final)
100 Metres	4th & 6th	3 (11th)*	3rd	2 (9th)*
200 ,,	—	2 (8th & 9th)*	4th	2 (10th)*
400 ,,	—	—	—	—
800 ,,	—	1 (9th)	5th	2 (9th)
1500 ,,	6th	1	4th	1
5000 ,,	—	—	4th 5th	3 (11th)
10,000 ,,	—	—	5th	3 (7th & 8th)
110 Metres Hurdles	—	—	—	—
400 ,, ,,	—	1 (7th)*	5th	2 (7th)*
Steeplechase	—	—	3rd	2 (11th)
4×100 Relay	2nd	1	4th	1
4×400 ,,	—	1	5th	1
Marathon	2nd	1	—	1 (9th)
	2 : 2nd 1 : 4th 2 : 6th		2 : 3rd 4 : 4th 5 : 5th	
TOTAL	5	11	11	20
Decathlon	—	—	—	1

FIELD EVENTS (MEN)

EVENT	1948 PLACED (First Six)	1948 LAST TWELVE (or Final)	1952 PLACED (First Six)	1952 LAST TWELVE (or Final)
High Jump	—	2 (7th & 8th)	4th	3 (7th & 8th)
Long Jump	5th	3 (7th & 9th)	—	—
Pole Vault	—	1	—	—
Hop, Step & Jump	—	—	—	—
Weight	—	1 (8th)	6th	1
Hammer	—	1 (9th)	—	2
Discus	—	—	—	—
Javelin	—	—	—	1
	1 : 5th		1 : 4th 1 : 6th	
TOTAL	1	8	2	7
GRAND TOTAL	6	19	13	28

* Estimated on comparative times.

ROUNDING A BEND ON THE FIRST LAP OF THE FINAL OF THE 1,500 METRES, THE RACE UPON WHICH BRITAIN PERHAPS SET HER HIGHEST HOPES : Barthel, of Luxembourg (No. 406), is in the inner position, with McMillan, of the United States, Bannister, of Britain, and El Mabrouk, of France, running beside him. This was probably the greatest race over 1,500 metres yet seen at an Olympic meeting, with no fewer than eight of the twelve runners finishing inside Lovelock's record time set up at Berlin. Barthel ran a brilliant race, surprising everyone with his dash and determination, and in the final lap he just managed to hold off the challenge of McMillan. Bannister, who was fourth, did remarkably well,

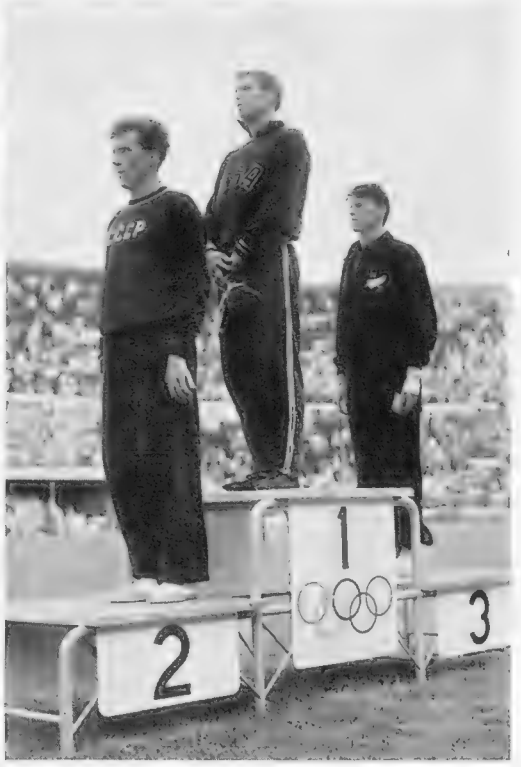
THE 800 METRES FINAL PRODUCES ANOTHER AMERICAN VICTORY : Whitfield of the United States (No. 986), about to overtake Wint, of Jamaica. Whitfield seized the lead from Wint about 200 yards from the tape, and he just managed to hold on

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DROPPED BATON : This incident robbed Australia of her chance in the final of the women's relay 4 x 100 metres. As Winsome Cripps handed over the baton to Marjorie Jackson (right) the baton fell to the ground. Marjorie caught it on the rebound, but her chance had gone.

TAKING THE WATER JUMP IN THE 3,000 METRE STEEPLECHASE FINAL : H. Ashenfelter, of the United States, leading Kazantsev, of Russia, over the obstacle during this keenly contested race in which John Disley, of Great Britain, secured third place. This picture was taken at an early stage of the race, when Disley lost a great deal of ground. At the finish Disley was jumping and running in his best manner, but he never got within twenty yards of the very experienced Ashenfelter.

WALTER DAVIS ROLLS OVER THE BAR : The American high jumper in action. He set up an Olympic record with a jump of over 6 ft. 8⅝ ins. This beat the previous record set up in 1936.

ALL FOUR IN A LINE AT THE FINISH OF THE 100 METRES : This dramatic picture was taken as the world's champion sprinters raced for the line, and only with the aid of a photo-finish camera was it possible to record who had won. L. Remigino was awarded the title, the verdict in his favour being half-an-inch, and Macdonald Bailey was placed third.



A VICTORIOUS TRIO TAKE THE STAND : Charles H. Moore, of the United States, stands upon the central pedestal after winning the 400 metres hurdles in 50·8 seconds to equal his own Olympic record, which he set up in heats on the previous day. J. Lituev, of the U.S.S.R., stands upon the pedestal for the runner-up, and J. M. Holland, of New Zealand, occupies third place.

With the Duke of Edinburgh

IN HELSINKI

A Children's Party Aboard the Cruiser *Swiftsure*—
A Firework Display Illuminates the Harbour

SWINGS AND ROUNDABOUTS ABOARD THE "SWIFTSURE": Finnish and British children, who were invited aboard the visiting British cruiser which came as escort to the Duke of Edinburgh's yacht, seen enjoying themselves on the warship. The British sailors gave the party for all who cared to come along, and there were sideshows, roundabouts, swings and an aerial railway. The seamen dressed as pirates and gave the children a great time.

ROYAL VISITORS TO THE OLYMPIC SWIMMING-POOL: The Duke of Kent, the Prince of the Netherlands, and the Duke of Edinburgh seated together in the Stadium as they watched some of the Olympic events at Helsinki.

On right—

THE PIRATES WALK THE PLANK: This was one of the boisterous items on the programme when the children of Helsinki visited H.M.S. *Swiftsure* for the party given aboard the British cruiser escorting the Duke of Edinburgh's yacht, *Patricia*.

THE PIRATES SERVE TEA FOR THE CHILDREN OF HELSINKI: A scene at the tea-party aboard the visiting *Swiftsure*. For the occasion the deck of the 8,000-ton cruiser was transformed and all the members of the crew lent a hand in providing entertainment.

FIREWORKS IN THE EVENING AND ROUNDABOUTS IN THE AFTERNOON: *Left*—The evening display from H.M.S. *Swiftsure*, a spectacular discharge of rockets which delighted the young people of Helsinki. *Right*—Children on the *Swiftsure's* roundabout rigged up on the forecastle capstan. The party lasted two hours, and the climax came when some of the pirates were forced to walk the plank, plunging headlong into the waters of Helsinki Harbour.

HOLIDAYS ON RIVER AND MOUNTAIN

Salmon-Fishing in the West of Ireland and Climbing in the Cairngorms

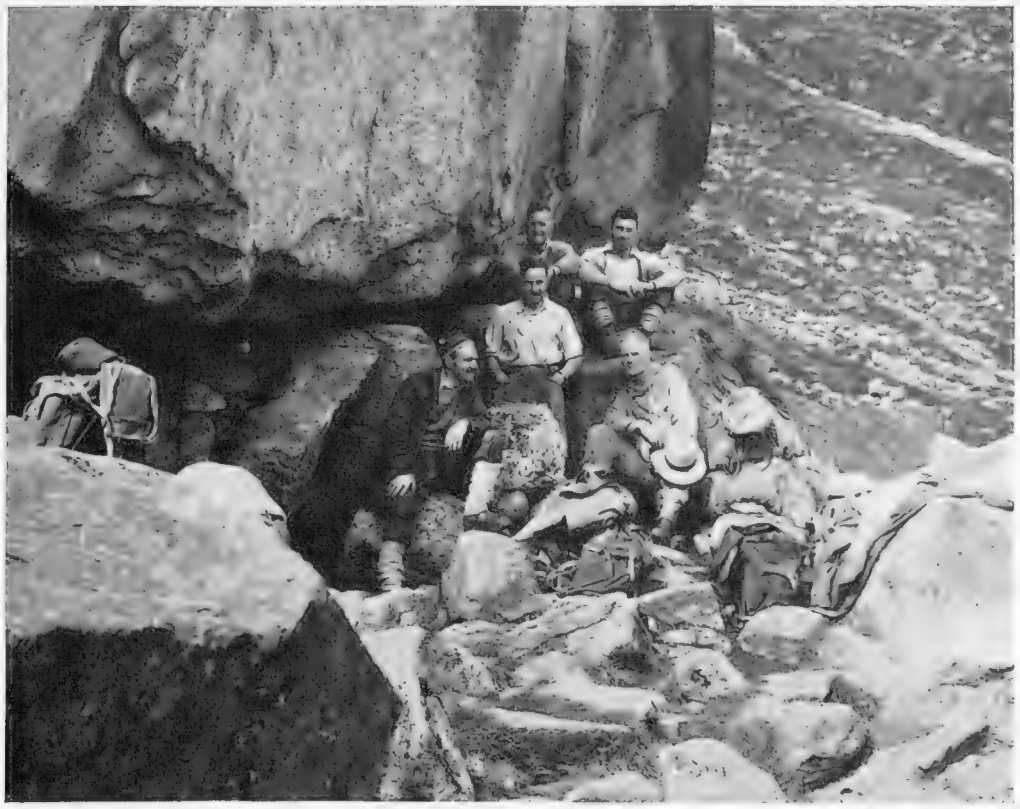
A SALMON-FISHERMAN'S PARADISE IN THE WEST OF IRELAND: Mr. Leslie Hill, the painter, fishing one of the many lovely pools on the Owenbaliska, a river running into the Atlantic close by the little Galway town of Spiddal. The salmon season this year has been a good one, as usual attracting fishermen from many parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

LADY LAUDERDALE, FROM SCOTLAND, WITH LORD CUNNINGHAM OF LANE CASTLE, SALMON-FISHING ON THE RIVER CORRIB: The Corrib runs through the heart of Ireland's west country.

BRIGADIER BEART, OF CHESHIRE, SPINNING FOR SALMON ON THE BALLYNAHINCH RIVER: The Brigadier is well known throughout the West of Ireland fishing country. Starting with spring fishing on the Moy at Ballina, he comes to Ballynahinch in July and is noted for some of the best catches on the river.

PLAYING A FISH NEAR DERRYINVER BRIDGE, AT THE MOUTH OF THE DAWRES RIVER: This is Mr. George Brennand, a well-known English angler and author of a number of books on angling.

WALKING ON THE CAIRNGORMS ABOVE LOCH AVON: This climber is about to descend to the Shelter Stone of Loch Avon, one of the most remote spots in the whole of Britain. To get to it means a climb over the Cairngorms and a descent to Loch Avon, the alternative being a long slog by the Lairig an Laoigh hill pass. Part of the Grampians, the Cairngorms crowd in a thick mass round the meeting-point of the counties of Inverness, Aberdeen and Banff. They are walkers' rather than climbers' mountains, for the rock is generally rotten and uninviting to the cragsman.



A GROUP OF CLIMBERS BENEATH THE SHELTER STONE IN THE CAIRNGORMS: The Shelter Stone is a giant rock resting on a group of small boulders and making a chamber big enough to accommodate ten men. The entrance is behind the climber seated on the left of this group.

CARS FOR EXPORT RACED TO THE DOCKS

A Practice which the Big Manufacturers are Determined to Stop

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

HAS your blood ever boiled, as mine has, at the sight of new British cars bearing export labels, being driven hell-for-leather towards the docks? If it has, you will be pleased to know that the Austin Motor Company, one of our biggest car exporters, has done something about it.

Every A 40 Somerset despatched from its Longbridge factory for export now bears a boldly-printed label on the back stating: "If this car exceeds 30 m.p.h. please report details—Austin Motor Co." The notice is printed in two-colour Day-glow ink on a black background and shows up well, both in daylight and after dark.

It is hoped that anyone who sees any of these export cars being overdriven will make a note of its number and of the time and the place and send details to the Austin Motor Company, who would not have the slightest compunction in getting the driver the sack. For it wants at all costs to reduce the risk of engines being ruined by overdriving during the running-in period before being shipped abroad.

If cars reach foreign markets with their engines so badly treated by delivery drivers that they soon begin to give trouble, and use a lot of oil, it does untold harm to Britain's engineering prestige.

Austin's say the big difficulty is that these export cars are not taken to the docks by factory employees but by drivers working for firms who specialise in this delivery work.

Austin's employ a number of these firms. One of them—the Car Collection Co., Ltd.—said, in commenting on the new Austin move, that they welcomed the display of the warning labels, and hoped they would act as a deterrent to firms who were less careful than the Car Collection Company.

"Our conscience is clear," an official stated. "We pay our men by the hour—driving time—and we make sure they do not go fast over certain stages of the journey and then have a snooze by the roadside or linger over a meal.

"We do this by means of a device which each driver has to carry in a locked box. It is an ordinary clock with a wax disc attached. This disc constantly revolves and, whenever the car is in motion—the car, mark you, not merely the engine—a little pendulum makes a continuous mark on the wax. When the car stops, even if the engine is left running, the disc goes on revolving, but a tell-tale gap is left in the pendulum marks.

"Examination of this disc clearly shows if a driver has gone too fast. If he has, he is fired at once. But we have had to discharge only two drivers out of a total of 350 in twelve months."

Not every car, of course, has to be kept down to 30 m.p.h. during the running-in period. For instance, the recommended speed for the Jowett Javelin is 35; for the Lanchester, 40; for the Aston-Martin, 55; and for the Bristol, 60. Bentley and Rolls-Royce drivers are told: "Maximum throttle if desired." Daimlers go almost as far with the advice: "May be driven at full throttle; but not recommended for long periods."

British cars and drivers again did well in that most gruelling of all car rallies—the famous "Alpine." Hearty congratulations to Ian Appleyard, of Leeds, on winning a gold cup; and to the Sunbeam-Talbots for getting the team prize.

Ian—a motoring wizard if ever there was one—was again driving a 3½-litre Jaguar XK 120. These phenomenally successful cars are made by Ian's father-in-law, Mr. William Lyons, whose daughter Pat went with him as navigator and made a big contribution to the Jaguar's success.

Appleyard completed the severe mountain course without loss of marks for the third successive year. For the first time this year the rally organisers offered a gold cup for anyone having a clean sheet for three years in a row. Ian was the only competitor this year who was eligible for this special trophy. No driver could be more deserving.

Sir William Rootes threw a little party in London for the drivers and mechanics of the triumphant Sunbeam-Talbot team. "The British cars in the Alpine Trial," he said, "have shown by the fineness of their engineering and the courage and endurance of their drivers that we can produce some of the best machines and men in the world."

It was obvious once again at the annual meeting of the Automobile Association and at the Press lunch which followed it, that the Duke of Edinburgh is no mere figurehead as president of the organisation. At the annual meeting itself he showed considerable skill as a chairman, combining firmness with plenty of good humour, that most essential of attributes in a chairman. I learned afterwards that the Duke had asked to be sent the reports, accounts and any other relevant documents well ahead of the meeting, so that he could study them thoroughly.

At the Press lunch last year the Duke was outspoken on the subject of rear lights. This year he again spoke with refreshing pungency when he called for a "combined operation" by all the different organisations concerned in the campaign to keep death off the roads. When you come to think of it there must indeed be a good deal of overlapping and consequent waste of effort as a result of the present lack of proper co-ordination.

It is a serious problem, this terrible accident rate of ours, and the Duke will have made a major contribution to its solution if his words help to inspire a greater sense of urgency and to bring about a closer integration of the various schemes and plans to reduce accident risks.

Both at the annual meeting of the A.A. and in certain Press comment since, suggestions have been made that the Association and its sister organisation, the Royal Automobile Club, are profiteering in making a charge of £3 10s. for supplying a member with the documents necessary for taking his car abroad and for providing other help.

I personally think the A.A. and R.A.C. give excellent value for their £3 10s. It is open to anybody to get his own forms—CD3 and 29b—from a bank and from the Stationery Office, but form-filling is such a tedious and soul-destroying business that nine people out of ten—at least—are happy to go to the motoring organisations and ask them to fix things up for them, even if it does cost more. The *carnet de passages en Douanes* issued by the R.A.C. and A.A. is a document internationally approved, and its possession obviates the danger of the kind of Customs hold-up that can ruin a holiday or wreck a business trip.

In effect the motoring organisation concerned guarantees to the Customs authorities that the member will bring his car back with him and not sell it. Both the A.A. and R.A.C. fees include help by efficient port officers on both sides of the Channel and the benefit of a scheme for bringing your car back to the port of disembarkation if it should break down.

This is not an advertisement for the motoring organisations. They don't need it. I'm just trying to put the matter in its proper perspective. Incidentally the membership fee of the A.A. and R.A.C.—£2 2s. a year—is one of the few charges for a public service which have not been increased since before the war. But Canon F. W. Hassard-Short, indefatigable chairman of the A.A., gave a warning at the annual meeting that costs are rising at such a rate that they may be compelled to charge more. I suppose this is a matter over which the A.A. and R.A.C. would act in concert.

They have worked very closely together for some time past, especially since they and the Royal Scottish Automobile Club formed a Standing Joint Committee to enable them to speak to the Government and lesser authorities with a united voice.

Incidentally, I think the Committee made an error of judgment in its comment on pedestrian crossings in its latest bulletin. They apparently welcome the Transport Minister's decision to make uncontrolled crossings more conspicuous after dark, but "remain of opinion that some form of distinctive overhead lighting should be adopted in preference to, or in conjunction with, the flashing beacons."

Tilting at the windmill in this way can do only harm to the Committee's authority and prestige. It knows that after long consideration and after taking the advice of experts at the Road Research Laboratory and elsewhere, the Ministry has decided that flashing beacons are the best way of making zebra crossings visible at night.

Why carp at the decision when it knows jolly well that the Minister is unlikely to reconsider the matter? This kind of niggling is bad. The Committee expressed its views on this subject while it was still under consideration. Fine. Doubtless the Minister took due notice of them. He has now made his decision, and the Committee does not like it altogether. But why flog a dead horse? Better, surely, for the Committee to devote its energies to some new problem.

I have just been reading *The Story of the S.M.M.T., 1902-1952*, by Mr. St. John C. Nixon. It has been printed privately for the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders to mark their golden jubilee, and is a fascinating record not of the development of the British motor industry, but of the important part played in its evolution by the S.M.M.T.

Mr. Nixon recalls that it was the late Frederick Richard Simms who founded the Society "in an attempt to infuse a little orderly cohesion into the motor trade."

ONE OF THE FIRST CARS TO USE THE RE-ESTABLISHED GROVE FERRY, KENT, IS PULLED ACROSS THE RIVER: For the first time in two years cars can cross by the ferry, which is hand operated; the only one of its kind in Kent. During the last war the ferry was stopped and a bridge built by the army. When hostilities ceased, the army dismantled the bridge in the face of strong local opposition, and farmers in the Canterbury district of the Stour were faced with a long detour to cross the river, until the ferry started to function once more. The first ferry to serve this district was in operation on the same site as early as the twelfth century.

THE "WATER HORSE"—A BOON TO SLOW SWIMMERS—SHOWS ITS PACES IN GERMANY: These three pictures show a young German girl demonstrating the capabilities of a new German invention for swimmers—the "Water Horse" The propeller is strapped to the waist (as seen in the *centre* picture and on the *left*) and connected by a flexible shaft to the waterproofed engine, which is towed along in the rear of the traveller. The decimal 8-h.p. engine takes in air through a snorkel device, and helps the swimmer to attain a speed of 10 miles per hour. Engine speeds are regulated by levers on the propeller cage. A more detailed view of the engine is seen on the *right*. It is the invention of Rudolf Tutzschke, of Munich.

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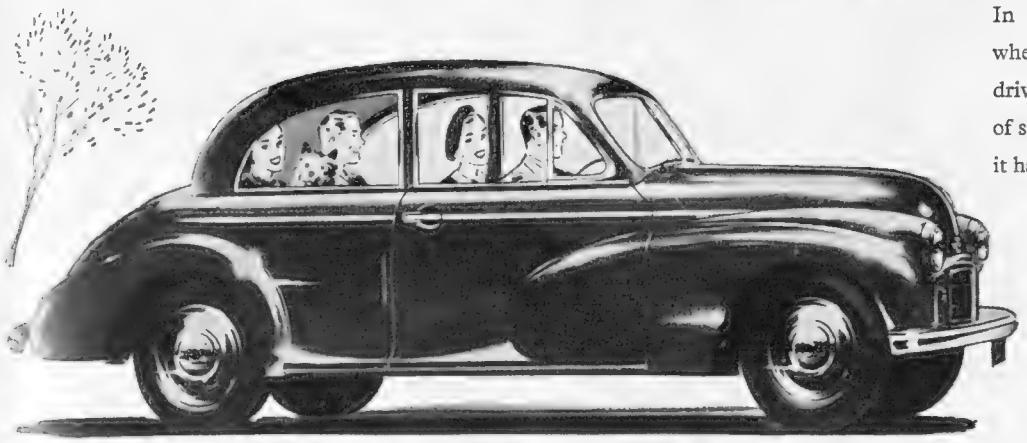

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE VIVANDIÈRE "PAR EXCELLENCE"

Juana de Leon, Whose Romance with Harry Smith Provides a Dramatic and Vital Story

THE relief of Ladysmith is one of the events in the Boer War that even the least historically minded among us can recall, but not everybody knows how the town came to have that name, or who was the woman of such eminence that a new African development could be named after her. The story is a romantic one, highly enough coloured, in fact, for the most dramatic of films, and it has been told, freshly and briskly, by Miss Jane-Eliza Hasted in THE GENTLE AMAZON (Museum Press. 16s.).

Juana de Leon was a high-spirited child of fourteen whose family had already suffered tragedy in Wellington's Peninsular campaign, when she and her older sister were caught up in the sack of Badajoz and escaped for safety to the British camp. There they met a young officer, Harry Smith, and a fortnight later, there in the camp, Juana and Harry were married and she set out on her extraordinary career. Not for young Mrs. Captain Smith the days of boredom and anxiety in lodgings miles behind the lines; anxiety, yes, and even terror for her husband's life, but in all the regiment's marches, Juana was there on the horse she had hastily learned to ride, and in all their engagements she was as near as Harry Smith, as loving and as reckless as herself, would allow.

Later the Duke of Wellington was to present her to the Emperor of Russia as "*ma petite guerrière espagnole*," and she was to ride sixty miles in a day after the battle of Waterloo, searching the field for her husband's body. He was unhurt, as it turned out, and lived to have posts in Glasgow, Jamaica, Nova Scotia, India, and South Africa, with which great country in the making his name will always be associated. Juana, now Lady Smith, grew plump and middle-aged, but their mutual devotion was unchanged and still she followed her husband around the world till he died and she, reluctantly, outlived him by twelve years. The best thing about this tale of courage, love and immense vitality is that it is perfectly true.

"My element is war," said Simon Bolivar, but it is as The Emancipator that he is remembered. Señor Salvador de Madariaga in writing his biography has not only given us an historical study of infinite detail and great value, but has completed the trilogy, started some ten years ago on the Spanish New World Empire. Together these books are of monumental importance, and even by itself BOLIVAR (Hollis and Carter. 45s.) is a sufficient key to the history of the despotic Spanish Empire that, in the imperial sense, came to an end in the early nineteenth century. Bolivar was the liberator, but paradoxically it was Napoleon who was the greatest single influence in the emancipation of Spanish America.

"For it was his example," writes Señor de Madariaga, "that put the steel of ambition into Bolivar; and it was his attack on Spain that, by destroying the Spanish Crown, broke the legal and traditional links between the kingdoms overseas and the European Kingdoms . . . this paradox, however, resolves itself into a lesson: The emancipation of Spanish America was one of the most significant achievements of Napoleon; perhaps the most significant. But it never entered into his plans."

Although this is primarily an historian's book for historians, or at least for students, and many readers will find the intricacies of its military, economic and social orders infinitely complicated, no one can miss the power of its inspiration or the profound and masterly scholarship with which it has been planned.

Somebody once computed the number of books that had been written about Prince Charles Edward and the '45 as reaching several thousands and I have not the slightest doubt that that is true. Authors are an intrepid race and will apparently risk even anonymity in joining such a vast concourse if they feel the overwhelming urge to express themselves on the subject. Miss Winifred Duke is the latest of the recruits to the standard and she is to be congratulated on having chosen a fresh approach, for THE RASH ADVENTURER (Robert Hale. 18s.), which is indeed a study of the Rising of 1745, has been composed mainly from transcripts of contemporary memoirs, letters and despatches, linked together with a modest quantity of narrative so that the story, from the landing to the final retreat, dealing in detail with the six-weeks invasion of England, is told either by eye-witnesses or by persons actively concerned in the affair.

THE CONVICTION OF MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT GROW: The United States Army officer about to enter his car during a recess in his trial by court martial at 2nd Army Headquarters, Washington, D.C. He was found guilty of recording classified military information entrusted to him and was sentenced to be reprimanded and suspended from his command for six months. Grow, who was formerly military attaché in Moscow, was visiting Frankfurt when a diary was stolen from his hotel room and photographic excerpts used later in Russian propaganda in its attempt to prove Americans as warmongers. He was found Not Guilty on a third and more serious charge which was not made public for security reasons.

The danger of this method is the slight but inevitable dryness; the great merit its authenticity. On the whole, the plan of the book is successful, at least from the intellectual angle. Emotionally, and because Miss Duke has included none of Charles Edward's flight to safety, which has always seemed so integral a part of the Rising, it will strike some as a trifle arid.

Whether human beings on the whole are likeable, repellent or, a third possibility, deeply interesting as scientific curiosities is a problem that every single person has to solve, and to a dispassionate observer it is quite fascinating to see how they do solve it. Mr. Angus Wilson, for instance, may have one point of view in life and one in letters, but there is little doubt what the latter is. In his first novel, HEMLOCK AND AFTER (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), for his reputation so far has mainly been built on his short stories, Mr. Wilson deals with a group of people whom I found almost wholly disagreeable.

Small English villages, we know, are not always as blandly wholesome as their roses and thatch would seem to suggest, but there can be few villages of the size of Mr. Wilson's in this book which harbour so many drunks, homosexuals, blackmailers, procurers of little girls and in general purveyors of evil. The whole novel could be dismissed if it were not for the fact that Mr. Wilson's writing is so brilliant that everything he produces must be some sort of literary event

FIRES IN THE DISTANCE (Constable. 13s. 6d.) is a novel with a New Zealand setting and some, though not all, of the problems posed in it arise from that very fact. Mr. James Courage, to whose work I recommend you if you do not know it already, writes of a family in which every individual has a separate and characteristic life so lucidly shown that their identities seem real. Fiction or not, these people live without comfort on a sheep station that is mismanaged by the father, a sporadic drunkard. The mother is a discontented hypochondriac, an Englishwoman who believes that she has married beneath her and who finds her only solace in playing Beethoven sonatas.

The elder daughter works as a sheepherder and spends most of the day in a saddle, but has a mute longing for some existence in which her prettiness, her real grace and her poetic imagination might develop more fully. The younger daughter is one of the most engaging *enfants terribles* I have ever met in a book, and the son, whose sole talent appears to be cooking, spends his spare time reading Byron and brooding on less attractive fancies. To this household comes a boy of nineteen, and it is he who unknowingly changes the course of each of these lives. Not only did I find this book quite admirable, both for its insight and its writing, but I found it completely credible.

Mr. Stanley Wade Baron prefaces his new novel with Sir Thomas Browne's lines: "For this world I count it not an Inn, but an hospital, a place not to live, but to die in," and on reflection the quotation is well chosen and apt, but, surprisingly, the book itself is neither sombre nor distressing. ALL MY ENEMIES (Hart-Davis. 11s. 6d.) is in a way the account of a man's journey towards death. But the writer does not let it oppress the reader.

A man comes to New York for the first time, on a secret Communist mission to bring back to Russia an old but brilliant scientist. Just as he man's purpose seems achieved and the scientist is ready to leave, his mistress discovers the plot and he kills her. The bare bones of the plot cannot explain the novel's special tension. I don't say that this is a likeable book, but I do think it well worth reading.

THE TEA-HOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is a more or less successful piece of fun. More, because the idea has genuinely amusing possibilities, and less, because these are exploited for a little too long in Mr. V. J. Sneider's novel. Briefly, the plot rests on the post-war occupation of Okinawa Island by American troops under the administration of one Colonel Wainwright Purdy III. Mr. Sneider goes on rather too long, but at least the first two-thirds of the book are amusing and inventive.

SHORT STORIES FROM MANHATTAN

Tales of Power and Penetration

In the space of a generation Americans have passed from quiet indifference to voracious acceptance of *The New Yorker*, that remarkable product of that dilettante with a touch of genius, Harold Wallace Ross, that tramp journalist of the Far West who emerged finally with a formula for elegant journalism and was hailed as the purveyor of sophisticated trifles for the man-about-town. How Wallace brought *The New Yorker* into being was described recently in a new biography by Dale Kramer, but hardly less revealing in regard to the nature of Wallace's achievement is the new volume, FIFTY-FIVE STORIES FROM THE NEW YORKER (Victor Gollancz. 15s.). These stories cover the years 1940 to 1950, the years of the paper's first maturity after the birth pangs of the late 20's and the 30's, and they show in no uncertain manner the galaxy of talent upon which *The New Yorker* has called, and how successfully, indeed, the magazine has continued to tread the path of originality when the temptations of sitting back in red-plush ease must have been ever-present. Pride of place in this new series of stories it is impossible to allot, so many of them are of such high standard, but James Thurber's *The Catbird Seat*, the tale of a strident New York advertising Queen who met her downfall at the hands of a very little man, John O'Hara's "The Decision," the tragedy of a New England doctor, and A. J. Liebling's "Run, Run, Run, Run," the tale of a Press correspondent "who flew with the boys," all have power and penetration. They are, in fact, a part of *The New Yorker* tradition, the tradition Wallace and his team fashioned as they dwelt with no particular compassion, but much insight, upon the foibles of a distracted world.

At a time when hosts of English people are attempting to visit France with a slender margin of francs at their disposal, Sydney Clark's new travel book, ALL THE BEST IN FRANCE (Phœnix House. 15s.), deserves a special welcome. His exposition of how to use the Paris autobus service is only equalled by the clarity of his discourse on the Metro, and he clearly shows that those who have not sampled the delights of either of these modes of transport have missed something. On banks, telephone systems, tobacco kiosks and post offices Mr. Clark is no less erudite, while pensions and little hotels, especially in his beloved Montparnasse, he seeks out unerringly. Most of this well-illustrated book is devoted to where to go and what to see, and a fair balance is kept between the various areas; in other words, the extravagant beauties and extravagances of the Azure coast, that fabulous stretch from St. Raphael to Menton, are not allowed to detract from the delights of the Dordogne, Alsace, Normandy and the flanks of the Pyrenees. Here, indeed, is a travel book by one who is practical and entertaining and wise, and with Sydney Clark as guide there is little doubt that £25 can be made to go a very long way.

"The American people have committed at least three major blunders in the past thirty years," declare the editors of *Fortune Magazine* in their important new volume, U.S.A. THE PERMANENT REVOLUTION (William Heinemann. 18s.). This book explains the latest developments in America's ceaseless revolution, as they choose to call it, but it is in the realm of foreign policy that the authors see the blunders, the first of which, we are told, was to presume that Britain or somebody was still policing the post-Versailles world. The second blunder, they say, lay in the dangerous concessions of Teheran and Yalta, and blunder number three was to demobilise between 1945 and 1950. As a sub-blunder they add, for good measure, America's disastrous China policy of 1946, while they point to E.C.A. and the Berlin Air Lift as two successes, strictly defensive, which have pierced the gloom. This chapter on foreign policy is the most revealing section of a thoroughly worth-while, if slightly one-sided, political survey; but perhaps most interest attaches to the chapter on the political parties, for this gets right down to cases, showing how in varying States in varying degree the election district leaders, the assembly district leaders, the county leaders, and the State chairmen of the political parties run their highly complex organisations. After perusing all this the reader will find it hard indeed to surmise how united action on a national level is ever achieved.

For holiday reading here is a confident recommendation for P. R. Reid's THE COLDITZ STORY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.). Colditz, which had been escape-proof in the First World War, and was supposed to be escape-proof in the second, brought within its walls all the most hardened escapists in the Allied armies, men of high morale and unquenchable determination, who found nothing daunting in the fact that the guards outnumbered the prisoners and that, in spite of the black-out, the castle was floodlit at night from every angle. Mr. Reid has written a first-class escape story about a place which in the days of war must never have had a dull moment.

MY WAY LEADS ME SEAWARD (Allen and Unwin. 18s). is Frank Wightman's account of a voyage through the Caribbean and along the American coast. It is an admirable tale well told and well illustrated.

The latest addition to the Macdonald Classics is Charles Dickens' DAVID COPPERFIELD. The illustrations of Phiz adorn the text. The price is 10s. 6d.

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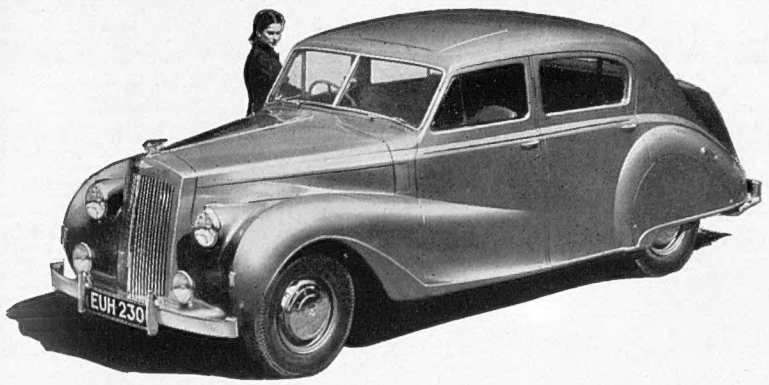

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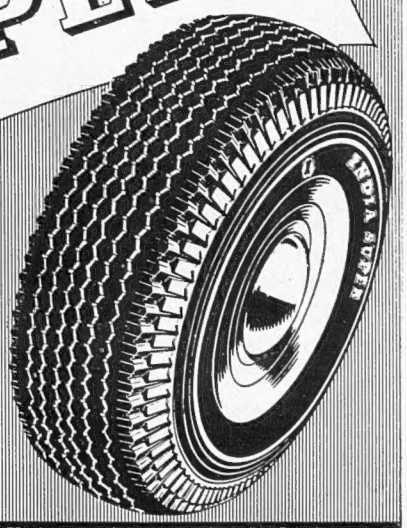

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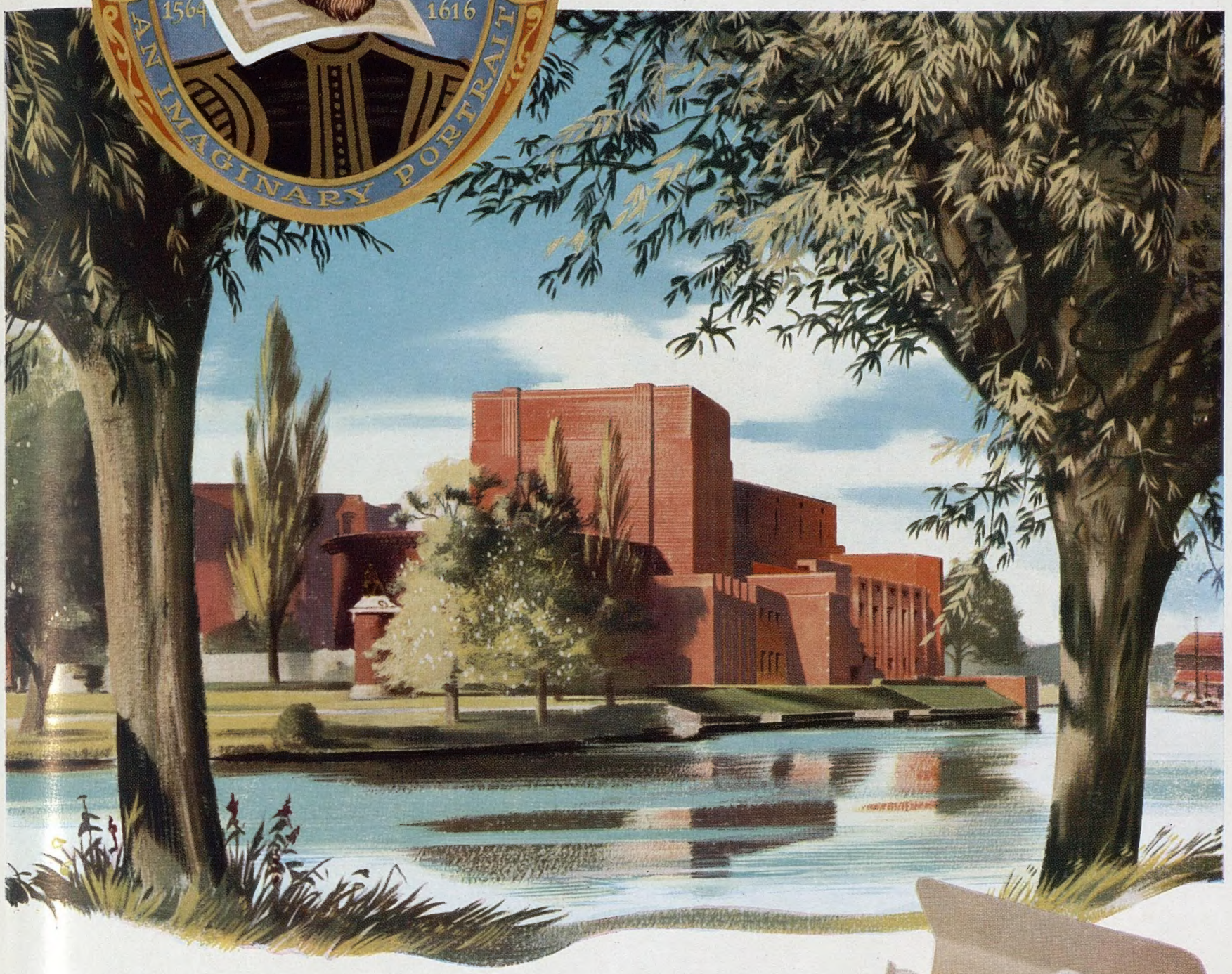

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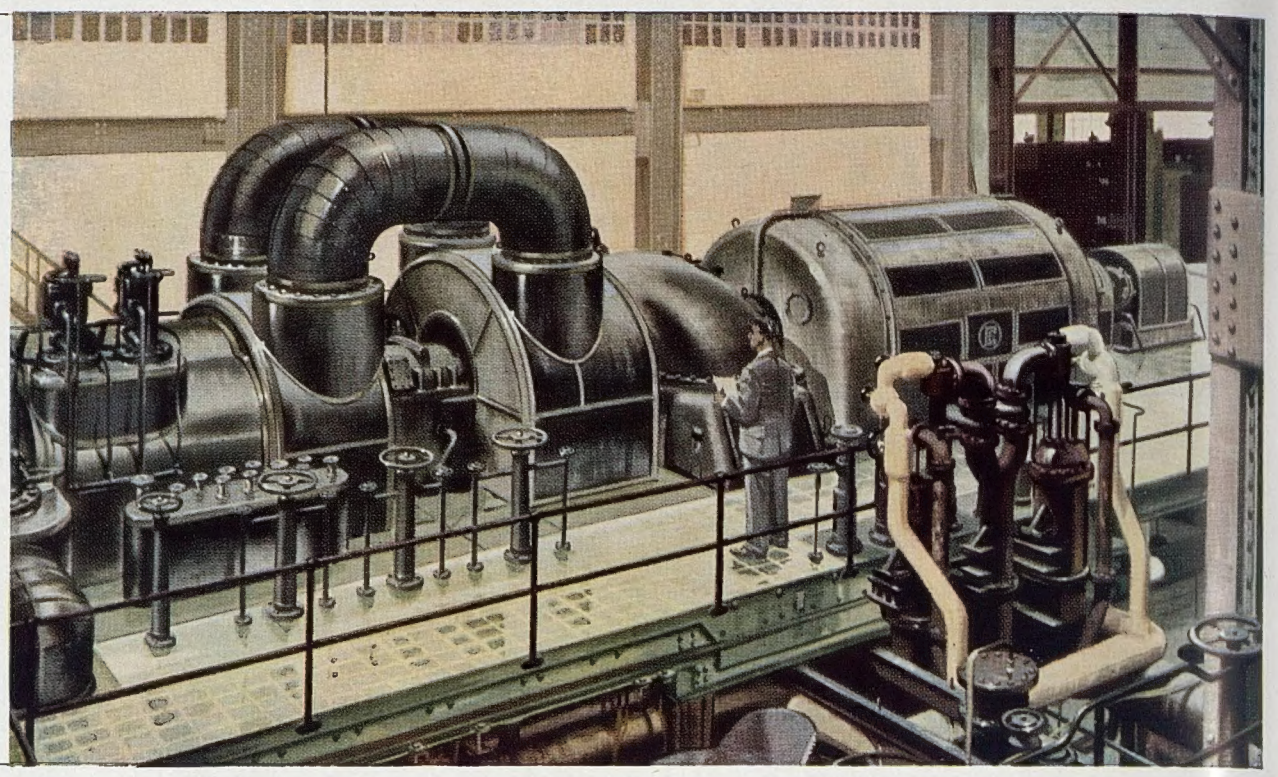

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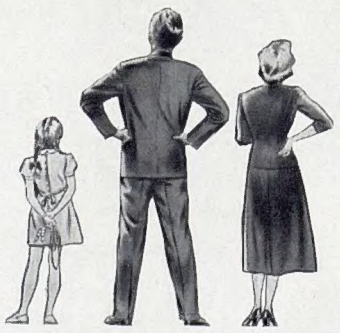

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